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No. 929.

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For the convenience of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are released in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazine. Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUDRY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London. For France, and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 28fr. or 11. 2s. the year. For other Countries, the postage in addition.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL INSTRUCTION IN THE APPLIED SCIENCES, WITH A SPECIAL COURSE FOR ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURAL STUDENTS.—The classes will be re-opened on TUESDAY, the 1st of OCTOBER next.—Further information may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, August, 1845. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, 1845-46.—THE WINTER SESSION will COMMENCE on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of OCTOBER next, at Two o'clock, P.M. with an INTRODUCTORY LECTURE by Professor MILLER.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.—The Hospital is visited daily at One o'clock, and Clinical Lectures are given every week by Dr. Budd and Dr. Todd, and by Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Partridge. ASSISTANCE OF STUDENTS.—Students may reside in the College. Other arrangements have likewise been made for accommodating them with lodgings, and some of the Professors receive pupils into their houses.

The parents or guardians of students coming to King's College are particularly requested, before placing them in lodgings, to communicate with the Dean of the Medical Department, from whom all information respecting the College may be obtained. Full particulars respecting the courses of Lectures, and the regulations of the College, may be obtained by reference to the prospectus, and to the "Students' Handbook," which may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, in the College of Medicine, at Two o'clock, P.M. R. B. TODD, M.D., Dean of the Medical Department. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

August, 1845.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—JUNIOR SCHOOL.—Under the Government of the Council of the College.

Head Master—THOMAS HEWITT KEY, M.A. The SCHOOL will OPEN on TUESDAY, the 23rd September. The session is divided in three terms, viz. from 23rd September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 4th June.

The yearly payment for each pupil is 12s. of which 5s. are paid in advance in each term. The hours of attendance are from a quarter past three to three-quarters past five on Wednesdays and Saturdays are devoted exclusively to drawing.

The subjects taught are reading, writing, the properties of the most familiar objects, natural and artificial, the English, Latin, Greek, French, and German languages, ancient and modern history, geography, both physical and political, arithmetic and bookkeeping, the elements of mathematics and of natural philosophy, and drawing.

Any pupil may omit Greek, or Greek and Latin, and devote his whole attention to the other branches of education. There is a general examination of the pupils at the end of the session, and the prizes are then given.

The discipline of the school is maintained without corporal punishment. A monthly report of the conduct of each pupil is sent to his parent or guardian. Several of the masters receive boarders.

Further particulars may be obtained at the office of the College. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council. The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine commence on the 1st of October, those of the Faculty of Arts on 15th October.

August, 1845.

Sales by Auction.

THE CRESCENT, BEAUFORT.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by Messrs. PULLEY, on the Premises, on THURSDAY, the 21st of August, 1845.

THE ENTIRE LIBRARY of the Rev. W. B. WINNING, comprising 1,400 VOLUMES of BOOKS; consisting of the best Works in Divinity, Exegesis, and Practical and Biblical Criticism, including the Scriptures in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac; Greek and Latin Lexicons, Grammars, &c.; Greek and Latin Classics, including the History and Works in general Literature in the German, French, Italian, and English languages.

S. B.—The Books are generally the best editions and in good condition. Catalogues will be sent by post, on application to the Auctioneers, Beaufort.

FORTY FIRST-RATE PIANOFORTES.—TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.—By Mr. MCALLA, on TUESDAY, September 3, and following days, without any reserve, on the Premises, 25, Bucklersbury.

THE STOCK OF GEORGE DURRE, MUSIC-SELLER and Pianoforte-maker and Stationer, relinquishing business. The attention of dealers is invited to this rare opportunity the stock is in capital condition and of a modern and fashionable character. There are a great many instruments well adapted for letting out on hire. Private persons in want of an instrument will also find this an occasion of almost unprecedented advantage, as, from the large amount to be sold, ample opportunity will be afforded for selection, and there being absolutely no reserve, great bargains may be reasonably expected, especially as the majority of the instruments are quite new, and in perfect condition. To the proprietors of Ladies' schools this sale is very important, for included in the sale are many sound and serviceable practice instruments, admirably adapted for young ladies' practices, which are likely to be sold at a very low figure. Mechanic Institutions, concert rooms, &c. may also be supplied on very advantageous terms from this first-rate assortment of pianos; which comprises a powerful, brilliant-toned, patent semi-grand 64 octave, mahogany case—elegant and plain rosewood and mahogany cabinets, 6 and 6½ octaves, with every modern improvement—mahogany rosewood, elegant and plain semi-cabinets, cottages, semi-cottages, piccolo, &c., 4 and 4½ octaves. In addition to the pianofortes is the usual stock of a musical instrument dealer, including a beautiful double-action forte harp by Ernt—a very fine-toned old double bass—three violoncellos—two very choice instruments, a cello, a violin, guitars—a choice assortment of silver-keyed flutes, by Nicholson, Mouton, Wyde, Potter, and other celebrated makers—saxophones, and a few other wind instruments, and large collection of modern music. There is also a series of portraits of eminent musical characters, handsomely framed and glazed, forming a very desirable appendage to a music saloon.—Catalogues of the stock printed and in manuscript will be ready a week before the sale. Further arrangements will be duly announced; and particulars may be obtained on application to 25, Bucklersbury, or of the Auctioneer, Mr. McCalla, 5, Sussex-terrace, Old Drappton.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION. ANNUAL MEETING, 1845. To be held at WINCHESTER, commencing TUESDAY, Sept. 6.

President of the Annual Meeting, The Marquis of Northampton.
Vice-Presidents—The Lord Ashburton, The Dean of Winchester.
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Secretaries—Rev. G. Moberly, D.C.L., Head Master of Winchester College.
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All Subscribers of One Pound will be entitled to attend the Meetings, Discussions, Excursions, &c. which may take place on this occasion, to introduce one Lady, and receive the Volume of the Transactions of the Meeting. Subscriptions are received by Messrs. Cockburn, 4, Whitehall; and Messrs. Wickham, Winchester.

By order of the Central Committee, ALBERT WAY, Hon. Sec.

PRIVATE TUITION IN GERMANY. A Married Clergyman, British Chaplain in one of the principal Towns of Germany, in the neighbourhood of which he resides, receives Two Pupils, and has now ONE VACANCY. The Advertiser graduated with honours at Oxford, and has had considerable experience in preparing Young Men for the Universities, the Army, &c. The place affords great facilities for the acquisition of modern languages, and has easy and rapid communication with England.—For address, references, and terms, (which are moderate), apply to Mr. Burns, 17, Portman-street, Portman-square, London.

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THE PUBLISHING SEASON.—November and December are considered the best months for the production of New Publications. No time should, therefore, be lost by Authors wishing to avail themselves of the approaching season in making their arrangements. *The Weekly Messenger* reviews the Author's Hand-Book, expresses the following opinion:—"We can recommend this as a good *dear* means for ladies and gentlemen intending to publish. It is most elegantly printed and embellished, and contains a list of printing, paper, binding, &c."

A New Edition of the **AUTHOR'S HAND-BOOK**, price 1s. 6d. is just published by E. Churton, 35, Holles-street.

NEW PART OF COPLAND'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

To ADVERTISERS.—Part X. of Dr. Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine will be published *before the end of August*. Advertisements intended for insertion must be forwarded to the Publishers by Wednesday next, the 20th inst. 39, Paternoster-row, August 12, 1845.

Now ready, GRATIS, **T. B. SHARPE'S CATALOGUE OF NEW AND OLD SECOND-HAND BOOKS**, in every Department of Literature, forwarded, on application, free of charge. Published by T. B. Sharpe, 15, Skinner-street, Snow-hill.

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NOTICE.—Daily Circulation 130,000.—THE JOURNAL DES DEBATS, PRESSE, CONSTITUTIONNEL, and SIECLE, the united circulation of which exceed 130,000 daily, having REDUCED their SCALE of CHARGES, afford an opportunity for advertisers to give publicity to their Establishments and Manufactures throughout France, England, and every part of Europe. ADVERTISEMENTS for the above Papers must be forwarded to WILLIAM THOMAS, British and Foreign Advertising Agent, 21, Catherine-street, Strand, who and his agents are appointed by the directors sole Agent for England. Subscriptions are also received for every Newspaper and Periodical published in Paris, the scale of charges for which can be seen in Thomas's List, price 6d.

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ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA. 20 Vols. 4to. This important Work being now complete, WESTLEY & CLARK, of Finsbury, Doctors' Commons, having been selected as the Bookbinders, they have much pleasure in extracting the following paragraph from the Publishers' Circular:—"Westley & Clark are fully acquainted with the peculiar arrangements of its several Parts, and are, therefore, thoroughly competent to insure each portion being placed under its appropriate hands, and to perform the duties of the Bookbinders." Westley & Clark, in availing themselves of the above testimonial, beg to state that they have received recommendations from Publishers of other valuable Encyclopedias, such as the one edited by the late Dr. Abraham Rees, and the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Their building is particularly adapted for the binding of such extensive Works or the Libraries of Noblemen and Gentlemen, they have all sorts of specimens on view, and any patronage they may be honoured with will be received with gratitude, and attended to with the utmost promptitude.

TO CONTINENTAL TOURISTS. J. A. GODDARD, FOREIGN and GENERAL AGENT, 26, Old Jewry, respectfully informs the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry, that he undertakes to receive and pass through the Custom House, Works of Art, Wines, Baggage, &c.; and also to forward Effects to all parts of the World.—All Communications with J. A. G. may be entrusted, with the utmost attention and promptitude, and on terms that will insure him future favours.—The list of J. A. G.'s Foreign Correspondents, and every information, may be obtained at his Office, 26, Old Jewry.

ITALY.—Steam to Leghorn, Genoa, Civita Vecchia, and Naples, for Passengers and Goods.—The steamer NORTH STAR, Captain GEORGE WILSON, is intended to leave the East India Dock on Wednesday, the 2nd of September, for LEGHORN and GENOA, calling at Gibraltar, and proceeding on to Civita Vecchia and Naples by steam conveyance at ship's expense. Carriages and horses taken at moderate rates. Freight money, including a handsome table, and a large number of first-class passengers to Leghorn, 12*l.*; servants, 6*l.* For further particulars apply at the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's Office, 31, 32, Mary-ace, London.

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At a Meeting of Governors held in Cabell-street, on Wednesday, the 8th day of August, 1845, the Cases of 17 Petitioners were considered, of which 10 were approved, 3 rejected, 1 inadmissible, and 3 deferred for inquiry.

Since the Meeting held on the 2nd of July, SEVEN DEBTORS, of whom 3 had Wives and 3 Children, have been Discharged from the Prisons of England and Wales; the expense of whose liberation, including every charge connected with the Society, was 102*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, and the following

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845.

REVIEWS

Cosmos: a Survey of the General Physical History of the Universe. By Alexander von Humboldt. Parts I, II, and III. London, Baillière.

THE works of creation spread around us in an infinite variety of forms, each form exhibiting in itself all the elements of perfect order, whether as regards its structure or the more secret but no less recognizable condition of its composition, naturally become the objects of contemplation and research to the philosophic mind.

Within the limits of human observation, we have the cloud-like nebulae in the far depths of space, from which "we descend, step by step, through the stratum of stars to which our solar system belongs, and at length set foot on the air and sea surrounded spheroid we inhabit." We may then examine the myriad forms of animal and vegetable life upon its surface, with all the physiological phenomena which they exhibit, beginning with man or the majestic creatures which he subjects to his rule, and ending with the infusorial animals, to whom a drop of water is a world, and a brief hour of time an existence; or, first examining the majestic developments of a tropical vegetation, proceed downwards to the habitats of temperate climes, and tracing the stunted vegetation of arctic regions or of alpine heights, end with the microscopic confervæ of a stagnant pool, or the minute lichen which specks the otherwise naked rocks of our tempest-beaten shores. Nor need we stop here: the story of the earth's creation—or rather of the earth's mutations—is written in enduring characters on the rocky crust, upon which is life in all its beauty and motion; and in the silent depths of the mine we may examine, locked in their stony caves, the remains of organizations, as beautiful and as curious as those now basking in sunshine, which moved over the surface of this planet myriads of ages since. The forests of an old world, great in their ferns and palmated trees, its oceans with their saurian reptiles, or their trilobites, so beautiful in form—and its lakes instinct with life, from whose remains some of the most splendid temples of our land are built, are exposed to the search of an inquiring eye. The sources, therefore, which are open to the researches of man, are neither few nor limited. Nor are the powers with which he is gifted, in any respect inferior to those required for the full investigation of the material universe. In the supine state in which, too frequently, under the influence of luxurious civilization, our intellectual powers are allowed to rest, content with pleasures, which are, after all, but the refinements of sensuality, an enervated condition is induced, and the mind wearies under the weight of contemplations which alone are worthy the dignity of him who "walks the earth like a god." If we cast our thoughts back but a century in the history of British intellect, we shall find that although there may have been less elegance, there was more power, in the mental labours of the time. "There were giants on the earth in those days," and their works stand the noble monuments of their own, and beacons for the direction of every other age. In the diffusion of the present, the power of the past is wanting, but some of the old leaven is still left, and out of the stir and movement of the day, when all things appear in the agony of change, it may work out mighty things.

'Cosmos: a Survey of the general physical Condition of the Universe,' is one of those books for the complete comprehension of which a mental training is necessary. The mind which has accustomed itself to pass over the surface of

things, may be pleased with the vesture, whilst the world of thought it covers, escapes observation. Although it is now given in an English form, it will not be much read, for the habits of thought of the present day—marked upon every effort of intelligence—exhibit a certain superficiality, and we are content with the appearance instead of the reality of things. The true soul labour, the all-absorbing effort, the undivided attention of the mind, is scarcely known to us, in the hurry and confusion which the necessities—at least, so we fancy them—of the hour and the day compel. The great Genius of Utility, pursuing her course, has reigned dominant; and although the achievements of mechanical power would appear to have been sufficient to have satisfied even the high priests of her temples, yet the new thought—although, like a bird scarce fledged, it may not have ventured "out o' view o' the nest,"—is crushed, if its parent cannot at once show that it has some practical application. Hence it is that we find the pages of our philosophical journals filled with crude generalizations, and our patent lists crowded with most unhappy scientific applications. Hence it is that our scientific associations bring forth little else than catalogues of experimental results, and that even these are of so desultory a nature that they do not admit of close inductive reasoning. The same spirit which induces us when travelling by one of the express trains to cry, "Faster, faster!" has pursued us into our studies; and to carry the idea a little further, we desire to pass from one point to another, even to the annihilation of space, not caring to mark the great variety of conditions which lie between those points, and ornament and illustrate every portion of the path.

The results might, if this were the proper place to do it, be traced into the mimetic arts, and we might show that Poetry and Painting suffer under the pressure of the circumstances of the times, in the same manner that we conceive abstract Science to have done: but we must return to the labours of Alexander von Humboldt.

The author of 'Cosmos' desires, with all the warm desiring of a mighty mind, to present to the world a "Physical History of the Earth," in the complete *oneness* with which he himself imagines the phenomena of creation to proceed. Few men were more fitted for the task than he, whose life has been spent in the study of the material universe in every quarter of this globe,—who, from the Cordilleras of South America, has examined the physical features of the earth to the valleys of Nepal and the heights of the Himalaya,—who has studied Nature "in the waste and stillness of the boundless prairies of the New World and of the steppes of Northern Asia." The venerable man has performed his task with ability; and we have exhibited to us a fine conception of the "creation, with the order and arrangement of the earth and heavenly bodies." The illustrious author passes in review "the changes which Cosmos undergoes in the lapse of time, from the new stars which suddenly make their appearance in the heavens, and the nebulae which either dissolve and disappear, or become condensed in their centres, to the most insignificant vegetable tissue that first covered the cold crust of the earth, or that gradually and progressively overspreads the coral reef which rises from the bosom of the ocean." All this has Humboldt done, but still his labours are incomplete; and, of necessity, they must be so, until from the empirical knowledge we now possess, we advance by the agency of physical science to the understanding of the grand and simple natural laws by which the phenomena of the Cosmos are produced. Sir Humphrey Davy

designed a similar work to this. His 'Elements of Chemistry,' intended to be but the introductory chapter to a far more extended work, was all he ever completed. This was one of the great aspirations of Genius which, like the flight of Dædalus, sunk in the first effort. Humboldt, with a more chastened mind, bends his soul to the task, and brings it to a close; and the world has now before it the labour of a "chosen mind," by which it may greatly profit. The defects of the work arise solely from the imperfections of our knowledge; its excellencies are due to the directing love with which the author has pursued his labours over the universe.

It is difficult to give even a faint outline of the subjects embraced in this work. The Nebulae and the Fixed Stars first claim attention, and a concise view is given of the portions of heavenly space in which they are found; and many of the wonderful phenomena, which these bodies have from time to time exhibited, are described in a manner remarkable for its lucidness. The planets of our own system are then passed in review; the beautiful results of astronomical investigation are detailed. The satellites of these planets, their periods of rotation and of revolution, are next the subjects of discussion; and then "comets, an innumerable host, which revolve around the sun in definite orbits, and from him derive their light,"—with an examination of all that has been done by Bessel, Arago, Herschel, and others, towards investigating the nature of these remarkable bodies—become the objects of consideration. On the superstitions attached to these curious bodies, many interesting remarks are made; amongst others the following is well worthy quotation:—

"All these circumstances amply replace, in multiplicity of grounds, the dread, which in former centuries, was entertained of flaming swords, and a universal conflagration to be lighted up by fiery stars. As the grounds for confidence derivable from the doctrine of probabilities only operate on the understanding, they are only of avail among the reflecting, and produce no effect on gloomy apprehension and imagination; modern science has been charged, not altogether without reason, with seeking to allay the fears which it has itself created. It is a principle laid deeply in the desponding nature of man, in his inherent disposition to view things on the dark rather than on the bright side, that the unexpected excites fear, not hope or joy. The strange aspect of a mighty comet, its pale nebulous gleam, its sudden appearance in the heavens, have, in all countries, and almost at all times, been held as portentous indications of change or dissolution of the old established order of things. And then, as the apparition is never more than short lived, arises the belief that its significance must be reflected in contemporaneous or immediately succeeding events. And such is the enchantment of events, that some particular incident scarcely fails to turn up which can be fixed upon as the calamity prognosticated. It is only in these times that a spirit of greater hopefulness, in connexion with the appearance of comets, has shown itself among the people. In the beautiful valleys of the Rhine and the Moselle, ever since the appearance of the brilliant comet of 1811, comets have been regarded as exerting a favourable influence on the ripening of the grape; nor have various years of indifferent vintage along with the appearance of other comets, instances of which have not been wanting, been able to shake the faith of the wine growers of the north of Germany in their beneficial influences."

Those remarkable classes of agglomerated matter, shooting stars, meteoric stones and fireballs, form an interesting chapter of inquiry. Numerous instances are brought forward of the striking exhibition of these phenomena; and, arguing from the circumstances of their appearance within our atmosphere, and their fall to the earth under the influence of its attractive force, our author imagines them to be small asteroids, which move with planetary velocity in conic

sections round the sun. It is upon this hypothesis that the appearance of the flights of shooting stars between the 9th and 14th of August and the 12th and 14th of November are accounted for. Upon calculations founded on this notion Olbers is inclined to announce the return of the grand spectacle in which shooting stars mixed with fire-balls shall fall like a shower of snow for the 12th—14th of November, 1867.

A great many other astronomical phenomena are treated of, and then the author proceeds to a "Natural Picture of the Telluric Sphere of Phenomena"; and here, in one contemplative survey, we have "considerations on the form of the globe, and on the ceaseless manifestations of force in its electro-magnetism and subterranean heat; the relations of the earth's surface in horizontal extension and elevation; the geognostic type of mineral formations; the realm of the ocean, and of the atmosphere with its meteorological processes; the geographical distribution of plants and animals, and, finally, the physical gradations of the human race."

These grand subjects necessarily involve a great many others, minor to them, though important,—all of which are ably treated of. At the same time, it may readily be conceived, that so extensive an inquiry admits, within the limits of two post octavo volumes, (of which the English translation is to consist,) of only very general treatment. The work is, indeed, a masterly sketch—an outline by a great artist of an extensive series of objects, every one of which would form the study of a life in filling out its details. The following are the concluding remarks on earthquakes:—

"Before we quit this great phenomenon, which has been considered not so much in its individual, as in its general physical, and geognostical relations, we must advert to the cause of the indescribable, deep, and quite peculiar impression which the first earthquake we experience makes upon us, even when it is unaccompanied by subterranean noises. The impression here is not, I believe, the consequence of any recollection of destructive catastrophes presented to our imagination by narratives of historical events: what seizes upon us so wonderfully is the disabuse of that innate faith in the fixity of the solid and sure-set foundations of the earth. From early childhood we are habituated to the contrast between the mobile element, water, and the immobility of the soil on which we stand. All the evidences of our senses have confirmed this belief. But when suddenly the ground begins to rock beneath us, the feeling of an unknown mysterious power in nature coming into action, and shaking the solid globe, arises in the mind. The illusion of the whole of our earlier life is annihilated in an instant. We are undeceived as to the repose of nature, we feel ourselves transported to the realm, and made subject to the empire, of destructive unknown powers. Every sound—the slightest rustle in the air—sets attention on the stretch. We no longer trust the earth upon which we stand. The unusual in the phenomenon throws the same anxious unrest and alarm over the lower animals. Swine and dogs are particularly affected by it; and the very crocodiles of the Orinoco, otherwise as dumb as our little lizards, leave the shaken bed of the stream, and run bellowing into the woods. To man the earthquake presents itself as an all-pervading unlimited something. We can remove from an active crater, from the stream of lava that is pouring down upon our dwelling we can escape; with the earthquake we feel that whithersoever we fly we are still on the hearth of destruction. Such a mental condition, though evoked in our very innermost nature, is not, however, of long duration. When a series of slighter shocks occur in a district one after another, every trace of alarm soon vanishes among the inhabitants. On the rainless coasts of Peru, nothing is known of hail, nor of explosions of lightning and rolling thunder in the bosom of the atmosphere. The subterranean noise that accompanies the earthquake, there comes in lieu of the thunder of the clouds. Use and wont for a series of years, and the very prevalent opinion that dangerous

earthquakes are only to be apprehended two or three times in the course of a century, lead the inhabitants of Lima scarcely to think more of a slight shock of an earthquake than is thought of a hail-storm in the temperate zone."

We cannot conclude without directing attention to the lucid manner in which every scientific fact is narrated by our illustrious author. We find no trace of any desire to torture truths until they are made to give unwilling evidence in favour of some theory. Throughout, the most healthful tone prevails—the spirit of a pure love for the Beautiful and the True; and there are few who will not rise the wiser and better from the study of these volumes.

Notes of Proceedings in the Long Parliament, Temp. Charles I. By Sir R. Verney, Knt. Edited by J. Bruce, Esq. Printed for the Camden Society.

THERE is not much of interest in this volume, but as a contemporary document it has historical value. The Notes were made by Sir Ralph Verney, member for Aylesbury; were written at the time and on the spot, in pencil, upon sheets of paper so folded as to be placed on the knee, and carried in the pocket, and have been preserved, with other family papers, at Claydon House, then, and still, the seat of the Verney family. The only part which seems to us of sufficient general interest to be quoted, relates to the personal attempt of Charles to seize the five members. The narrative is less minute and less graphic than Rushworth's, but has its value, as supplementary, and also written by an eye witness:—

"The king sent Mr. Francis, a serjeant at arms, to Mr. speaker with a message, and hee was cald in to the house, and delivered it at the barr, but hee was not suffered to bring in his mace. The message was thus, 'Mr. speaker, the king comanded mee, upon my allegiance, to repaire to you where you are now sitting, and to demand five gentlemen, members of this house, Mr. Hollis, sir Arthur Hazlerigg, Mr. Pim, Mr. Hampden, and Mr. William Strood, and, when they are delivered, hee comanded mee in his name to arrest them for high treason.' Upon this hee was comanded to withdraw, and the house resolved to send four members to the king, to let him know they had received the message, and would take it into consideration, but, being there was noe charge delivered in against those five gentlemen, they have not delivered them, but have taken care to have them in a readinesse to answer any legal charge. And then the house comanded Mr. speaker to call upp these five gentlemen by name, and injoynd them to attend *de die in diem*, till the house took farther order. The serjeant of the house was sent to tell serjeant Francis, that wee had sent to the king about these five gentlemen. Mr. Pim and Mr. Hollis had there papers and studdies sealed upp, by warrant under the kings hand, and the house sent a serjeant at armes to arrest those that did it, and breake of the seales, and had a conference with the lords, and they likewise sent to breake open the seales, and it was donn accordingly. Wee sent to them to joyne with us because they had protested with us to defend the priviledges of parliament.

Tuesday, 4th January 1641.—The five gentlemen which were to be accused cam into the house, and there was information that they should be taken away by force. Upon this, the house sent to the lord major, aldermen, and common council to let them know how there priviledges were like to be broken, and the city put in danger, and advised them to looke to there security. Likewise some members were sent to the four inns of court, to let them know, how they heard they were tampered withall to assist the king against them, and therefore they desired them not to come to Westminster. Then the house adjourned till on of the clock. As soone as the house mett againe, 'twas moved, considering there was an intention to take these five men away by force, to avoyd all tumult, let them be comanded to absent themselves. Upon this, the house gave them leave to absent themselves, but

entred no order for it, and then the five gentlemen went out of the house. A little after, the king came, with all his guard, and all his pensioners, and two or three hundred soldiers and gentlemen. The king comanded the soldiers to stay in the hall, and sent us word hee was at the dore. The speaker was comanded to sit still, with the mace lying before him, and then the king came to the dore, and tooke the palsegrave in with him, and comand all that cam with him, upon their lives not to come in. Soe the dores were kept open, and the earle of Roxborough stood within the dore, leaning upon it. Then the kinge cam upwards, towards the chaire, with his hat off, and the speaker staped out to meet him. Then the kinge staped upp to his place, and stood upon the stepp, but sate not down in the chaire. And, after hee had looked a greate while, hee told us, hee would not breake our priviledges, but treason had noe priviledge; hee came for those five gentlemen, for hee expected obedience yesterday, and not an answer. Then hee calld Mr. Pim, and Mr. Hollis, by name, but noe answer was made. Then hee asked the speaker if they were heere, or where they were. Upon that the speaker fell on his knees, and desired his excuse, for hee was a servant to the house, and had neither eyes, nor tongue, to see or say anything but what they comanded him. Then the king told him, hee thought his owne eyes were as good as his, and then said, his birds were flown, but hee did expect the house should send them to him, and if they did not hee would seeke them himselfe, for there treason was foule, and such an on as they would all thanke him to discover. Then hee assured us they should have a faire trial, and soe went out, putting off his hat till hee came to the dore. Upon this the house did instantly resolve to adorne till to-morrow at on of the clock, and in the intrin they might consider what to doe."

The subsequent proceedings are well known.

Autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke. Foreign Library. Chapman & Hall.

If we recommend this book, we must state for what purpose and to whom we commend it. We have, several times, remarked the slight chance which any close translation from the German has of becoming popular in this country. A good translation from German into English, must be a translation not merely of words, idioms and phrases; but also of thoughts. In all, save its substance, the original must be changed. But this style of treatment, though easily applicable to historical and scientific works, has its disadvantages when applied to other works of general literature, which would lose their individuality by a change of style. Yet without this change of style, the greater number of German books will not be acceptable to the majority of English readers who read to gratify their present taste. There is another and a smaller class who read the literature of other lands to expand their sympathies and enrich their knowledge of human characters and opinions; to these we can recommend the present work as one that must throw considerable light upon German character and habits of thinking. For this purpose, the honest autobiography of one whose works, 'The Hours of Devotion,' &c., have enjoyed such a wide-spread popularity among his own people must be valuable, and we think the present work, though perhaps less likely to gain popularity, a far better exponent of the German literary character than is to be found in the memoirs of Heinrich Stilling. We need not dwell on the peculiarities of Zschokke as a man and a writer, as we have already introduced him to our readers [*ante*, p. 536]. In his philosophy and his politics, we shall sufficiently characterize him, when we say that he is a Utilitarian—taking that much-abused term in its largest and most elevated meaning.

The most pleasing feature in his memoirs of a long life, is the coincidence which we find be-

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tween the man and the writer: whatever may be thought of his opinions, they are his own, not second-hand, but formed and maintained by independent will and judgment. This is the more pleasing, as they are not disfigured by the harshness and intolerance towards others, which sometimes attend the character of the self-educated man. Zschokke is no recluse German mystic, though he has, in his old age, engaged in "self-contemplation" (as he styles his present work); but has united, throughout a long career, the duties of a public and practical man with the studies of a voluminous writer. In his estimation, literature should flow from life and lead to life. In his 'Goldmakers' Village,' which we noticed a short time ago (and which has since been largely circulated as a tract in 'Chambers's Miscellany'), Zschokke has drawn the portrait of a man of superior knowledge, condescending to take the office of a village schoolmaster: this portrait was not an idea "snatched out of the sky," as the Germans say; for Zschokke has himself played the part of a schoolmaster, and the following passage will show that he entered upon it with right feelings:—

"It was with a real feeling of inspiration, that I entered upon the career of a schoolmaster, to me so venerable, in which I hope to become the herald of a nobler era. Whoever Nature herself has ordained for the instruction of youth, whoever feels himself willing to encounter, for the sake of his calling, thanklessness, contempt, and mortification, to him the dust of the schoolroom will be the noblest halo of glory. It was not, however, such considerations as these, it was the sight of my pupils themselves, which most aroused in me the energy of zeal. I saw in them the repetition of my orphan childhood, for these children, transplanted into a foreign air, far from the familiar faces of home, among preceptors and tutors, instead of fathers and mothers, were almost orphans. The most perfect schools, academies, and seminaries are, after all, but necessary evils, miserable substitutes for a parental home. It is a very unnatural condition for children to be deprived of the little cares and pleasures, of the comfort, sympathy, and confidence, of domestic life. On this very account, I clung with the warmest affection to my adopted children. I pitied my own childhood in them, and easily became their playmate, their confidant, the inventor of all their sports and plans, the guide of all their walks and excursions, the protecting genius of their busy and leisure hours. With the older pupils I made frequent excursions into the Alpine valleys and the plains of Lombardy. Yet with secret shame I soon discovered my ignorance of much which it most behoved me to know; of matters which all children inquire after, and concerning which, when a boy, I had myself vainly endeavoured to obtain information. I understood neither the stones under my feet, nor the stars over my head, nor the commonest flower that blossomed in forest or meadow. In this I was probably in the same predicament with most of our pedagogical hirelings, who, in spite of all their Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Sanscrit, are unable even to name the objects that lie around them in daily life. They study everything except the realities which lie at their feet. In these branches of learning, I and my adopted children became, therefore, fellow pupils; and the innumerable universe was our schoolroom. It was now that I first discovered how much more a teacher may learn of children, than children can of a teacher."

We shall not meddle with the details of our author's political career, as they are so inwoven together, that a part would not be understood without the whole. We must also pass over Zschokke's religious history, or the record of his "inward world," as he calls it; but we give the following extract, because it explains the purpose of his writings, and the tendencies of his views:—

"My ambition was to carry light into the poorest huts, where no book, no newspaper ever penetrates, but where, at the utmost, once a year a penny almanac finds its way. I resolved, therefore, myself to become, for this end, an almanac-maker; and in

order not to shock the countryman, by running counter too much to his darling prejudices, the 'Swiss Messenger's Almanac' contained prophecies about the weather, astrological predictions concerning children born under certain signs, proper times for bleeding, and similar nonsense. By degrees, however, I contrived to change these foolish rules into really useful directions, and to sweep away some of the rubbish which had been, 'by permission of the authorities,' heaped up under every straw roof. People read it, and laughed at the jokes; and what pleased me still more, the other almanac-makers, either out of trade rivalry, or a better motive, soon began to labour for the enlightenment of the common people, as they had formerly done to keep them in ignorance, and to endeavour to fight the 'Messenger' with his own weapons. After three or four years, I gave over my almanac, well pleased, into other hands. The road to improvement was begun. * * For the rich, the prosperous, the cultivated, a hundred pens are ready in every state; but it is but seldom that a Franklin, a Pestalozzi, a Becker, or a Hebel, arises to take pity on the poor and the neglected. Every act is to be regarded as a religious one which raises man above the mere animal, and that brings him nearer to the Divine nature. For this reason I did not disdain to scatter the seeds of a better knowledge of domestic and rural economy, of improvements in the breeding of cattle, and similar employments. Is not a disinterested effort to improve the condition of the people also religion? Is it not religion to redeem the soul from the fetters of ignorance and prejudice? * * Let my words be wrested to a false meaning, or my convictions be treated as the mere delusions of my boyhood. These delusions have carried me through the mournful scenes of a troubled time; and now that I am become a gray old man, I look to them to soften and brighten my dying hour. They have often inspired me with fresh courage when my heart had begun to fail; they have roused me to renewed exertion, when I might have slumbered in the soft lap of material convenience and luxury; and, if I have ever run any risk of wandering into the path of error, they have been the protecting angels which have led me back to truth. * *

The educated classes are supplied even to repletion, with useful and useless entertainment of this kind. For them roses and lilies grow in profusion in the muses' garden; for the uneducated, scarce a few wild flowers. Art seeks money and fame, and therefore troubles herself little about the poor, that is, the majority in every nation, which has neither one nor the other to bestow. I, caring little for the honours of art, felt always, as I still feel, more sympathy for the forgotten, than for the cherished portions of a people. I undertook to write a whole series of instructive short narratives for the poor man; the plan was easier laid down than executed; nevertheless, I did write a certain number. Of this nature, for example, was 'The Village of Goldmakers,' more especially adapted for the Swiss countrymen however. I was much pleased to hear that it had found its way into France, Italy, and even into Russia, and yet more so that travelling ballad and book pedlars had smuggled it into the cottages of the villagers, where it found a place of honour among 'Till Eulenspiegel,' 'The Fair Melusina,' 'The Horned Siegfried,' and other immortal works 'printed this year.'

The following is the account given by the author of his '*Stunden der Andacht*'—'Hours of Devotion'—one of the most popular works ever published in Germany:—

"I aimed not at a literary success, but at a moral conquest. What mattered the glory or ignominy conferred by the prejudices of our present civilised barbarism? A plain and important duty was before me, and petty obstacles vanished into the background. I resolved to communicate the religious ideas which had been the result of my experience since childhood, to the families of Switzerland, in a weekly Sunday paper. The next day, as we were walking together, I disclosed my wishes to my friend, Remigius Sauerländer, the well-known bookseller of Aarau. The paper was to appear at the lowest price which would pay for printing and publishing, in order that its possible benefit might be open to all; but the name of the writer was to remain the strictest secret. Sauerländer promised this, and well he kept his word.

Neither the London bookseller, Woodfall, with the letters of 'Junius,' nor Ballantyne of Edinburgh with the 'Waverley Novels,' ever preserved more faithfully the secrets intrusted to them. In the beginning of the year 1808, appeared, therefore, every week a sheet entitled 'Hours of Devotion, for the Advancement of True Christianity and Domestic Piety.' I continued these papers uninterruptedly for eight years. It was very gradually that they made their way across the frontiers of Switzerland. But when, at the close of the eight years, the publisher issued them together as a complete work, I discovered with agreeable astonishment that they had already penetrated to very distant places. Many letters, from foreign readers, received by the publisher and transmitted by him to the unknown author, showed me that I had not entirely failed in those objects to which I had devoted the morning hours of six long winters—to me truly holy hours. * *

So long as intolerant religious zeal directed its attacks, either by name or by significant hints and innuendoes, against myself, I cared nothing about the matter. But when the enemies of my book, misled by fancied marks and coincidences, directed their furious hostility against other innocent men—men far more conspicuous and important than myself—then I was often tempted from a sense of justice to step forward and raise the veil of anonymous authorship. That foolish hubbub has now died away, and public curiosity, also, has died away with it. A full generation lies between the beginning of that undertaking and the present day; yet I have never seen cause to repent of my work. It is now, not only quite harmless for my intended object, but a positive and urgent duty, in this evening of my days and close upon the borders of the grave, to terminate, at last, a tedious mystery, which might occasion errors injurious to the reputations of many worthy men."

There is a feature very common in German literature, for which we can hardly find an English name. It is not exactly egotism, in the repulsive sense of the term, but a kind of "self-contemplation," bordering on egotism, yet excusable in a septuagenarian like Zschokke.

Among other public duties, Zschokke was, rather singularly, appointed to inspect the convents within the territory of Aargau. He was not a very likely man to confirm an incipient nun. "A word in due season, how good!" says Solomon; and the following is an instance:—

"The novice, a girl in the bloom of youth, made her appearance, blushing and turning pale alternately, at the grate. With downcast eyes, bashfully and stammering, she made known her wishes. I know not what demon put it into my head to indulge in my answer in some of those unmeaning gallantries which in the ordinary world are addressed without any sin to the youthful part of the sex. 'I cannot but regret,' said I, 'that you have chosen me for so cruel a service; that it must be through my instrumentality that so much loveliness is lost in a gloomy cell. How is it that you long so early for cloistered solitude, whose darker side you can hardly yet see in the true point of view, and wish to bid the world an eternal farewell—a world still so new to you, and in which, perhaps, for your sake, some true heart is hopelessly breaking?' While I was speaking the young novice turned pale, the muscles of her face were convulsed, her fingers clutched at the grate, and she burst into an agony of tears. I was frightened, and beckoned to the nuns in the background to come to her assistance and take the poor girl away. I took care, however, not to listen very seriously afterwards to the entreaties of the pretty world-renouncer. Four years afterwards (in 1837), when I was again a member of the federal diet at Lucerne, happening one day as I was walking with the Landammann and ambassador from Zug, to remember the novice, I inquired what had become of her. 'Oh, the nun?' cried he. 'She is married happily, and is a happy mother!'"

Every traveller, however tolerant, in Catholic Germany, must have felt his taste offended by the tawdry, and often disgusting dolls, set up as religious images for the peasantry. Here is an amusing story of these productions of art:—

"In the district of Einsiedeln, particularly at the celebrated place of pilgrimage, I witnessed scenes of

misery of another kind. Here the inhabitants, formerly innkeepers, rosary makers, beggars, and small shopkeepers, had lost their livelihood by the stopping of the pilgrimages, while they had been plundered of all their savings by the soldiers. The abbey stood deserted; the interior of the temple was plundered and desecrated. The members of the municipality, headed by Meinrad Ochsner, a Capuchin, but to my astonishment, an enthusiast for Kant's philosophy, led me into the sanctuary. Here I saw the marble chapel of St. Meinradus, which, four years ago I had approached upon my knees, torn down with ruthless vandalism, so that even the beams of the church roof itself were loosened and injured. Ornaments and effigies of saints and angels lay scattered in fragments on the floor, or hung in their places, were mutilated wrecks. I ordered the immediate clearance and repair as far as possible of the beautiful sanctuary, and that the site of the destroyed chapel should be covered at least by an altar. But I knew not how to perform the important duty of restoring prosperity to the destitute village. 'The most simple and effectual means,' said my companion, 'would doubtless be the restoration of the miraculous image of the Mother of God to the altar. Pilgrimages would then again take place, and the inhabitants be restored to their means of livelihood.' 'But the miraculous image,' I replied, 'has been carried off by the French to Paris; or, as some assert, has eloped with the abbot into the Tyrol.' 'Both are true,' was the answer, 'yet the Mother of God is still present at Einsiedeln.' 'What! present in the Tyrol, at Paris, and at Einsiedeln, at one and the same time!' I exclaimed. 'Convince me of the truth of this miracle, and no good Catholic shall henceforth believe more firmly in the omnipresence of the Blessed Virgin than I!' Upon this they led me into a narrow sacristy, before an old locked-up chest. They opened it, and I saw a row of dolls of exactly the same size, lying side by side, each with the same bright black face, as if blackened by the smoke of the eternal lamps. Each of these representatives of the Queen of Heaven wore a broad, full robe, which gave her a pyramidal shape; but each was decorated with different ornaments and jewels. I now learnt that the image of the Holy Virgin had to be presented for the worship of the people in a different costume every holiday; and that, in order to spare any trouble at her toilet, a number of dolls were kept ready dressed, and substituted, as convenient, one for another."

Without doubt, our author is a man of good common sense; but, among Germans, we frequently meet with instances of highly intelligent minds possessing a strong *penchant* towards the mysterious. With all their rationalism, the Germans, on many points, are less sceptical than ourselves: for instance, Zschokke relates tales of his own mystical powers which surpass even the nonsense of the Mesmerists, and make their passes a superfluous piece of mummery; he is, too, a believer in the theory of the redoubtable Dousterswivel. Yet the only apology for such a story as the following must be in a full and correct statement of all *particulars*. Vague assertions of such mysterious matters are worse than useless—they are mischievous:—

"My connexion with mining operations brought me the acquaintance of many persons with whom I was much interested. The operations themselves were unimportant, for the interior of the Jura is mostly poor in metals, but an alabaster quarry which I discovered brought me into a friendly correspondence with the venerable Prince Primate, Karl von Dalberg, and my search after salt and coal to the acquaintance of a young Rhabdomantin of twenty years old, who was sent to me by the well-known geologist, Dr. Ebel, of Zurich. In almost every canton of Switzerland are found persons endowed with the mysterious natural gift of discovering, by a peculiar sensation, the existence of subterranean waters, metals, or fossils. I have known many of them, and often put their marvellous talent to the proof. One of these was the Abbot of the Convent of St. Urban in the canton of Lucerne, a man of learning and science; and another a young woman who excelled all I have ever known. I carried her and her companion with me through several districts entirely un-

known to her, but with the geological formation of which, and the position of its salt and sweet waters, I was quite familiar, and I never once found her deceived. The results of the most careful observation have compelled me at length to renounce the obstinate suspicion and incredulity I at first felt on this subject, and have presented me with a new phase of nature, although one still involved in enigmatical obscurity. To detail circumstantially every experiment I made, to satisfy myself on the point, would take up too much space at present, but I think it right to mention some of the causes which have led me occasionally to vary from others in my views of Nature and of God."

We are naturally inclined to respect the man who finds himself cheerful at the close of seventy winters, especially if he has had strong sorrows to endure and to master during his career. Thus our author speaks of his own trials:—

"From all that I have hitherto related of good and evil days, many may draw the conclusion, that I am after all one of fortune's favourites, and might well philosophise, and see everything *coulour de rose*, because, some imaginary torments of the imagination excepted, I have seldom or never met with a misfortune. What is usually called misfortune and evil has fallen to my share also, but I do not so esteem it. I have had, like every other mortal, my portion of the burden of human sorrow. The first weight of an affliction might shake or bear me down for a moment, as it might any man, but with increased elasticity of spirit, I rose again, and bore my appointed burden without murmuring; I will say more, although ordinary people may shake their heads incredulously. An earthly sorrow was not even always unwelcome. It weaned me from too great trust on the transitory, and made known to me the degree of strength and self-reliance which I yet retained in the season of the passions. * * * The hardships of poverty I have endured without a sigh; I had learned, from my own experience, that outward poverty brings inward wealth. I have known the loss of moderate, but hardly-earned wealth; such losses never embittered a single day; they only taught me to work and be economical. I have been the happy father of happy children; twelve sons and a daughter were mine, and I have sat with a bleeding heart by the death-bed of four of those sons. I felt in the last breath they drew, that 'divine sorrow' which illumines the soul!"

During the season of old age, which he calls his "ten Sabbath years," Zschokke has not been idly contemplative; but has maintained his interest in philanthropic endeavours, and has especially paid attention to the condition of the deaf and dumb, and the wretched victims of *cretinism* in the Swiss valleys. Of the causes of this terrible disease he gives us an explanation certainly far more reasonable than that given by a recent German traveller among the Pyrenees, who regarded the *cretins* as the remnants of a people degraded by political oppression!—

"The information I obtained respecting the effects of *cretinism* on the mind and corporeal frame, and which has been ratified by the learned Turin naturalist, the Chevalier Vasalli Candi, as the result of his inquiries among the mountains of Savoy, is limited to the following facts: *Cretins* and persons born deaf and dumb are, throughout the world, more frequently met with in mountain districts than in plains; more in the deeper than in the higher lying valleys (especially when the latter have an elevation of from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea); more on the shady side of the valleys where the vapours are more sluggish than on the sunny. Hence, on the northern declivities the rings of bark on the forest trees are more porous; the hides of animals, according to the testimony of Gerber, more spongy; even the flesh and muscles of man looser and more flabby; and, finally, more where the ground is swampy or abounding in water than in neighbourhoods where there is a scarcity of springs. In the former places, the water for drinking is of an unhealthy nature for persons with a scrofulous tendency. Almost all the springs in these pest-ridden districts descend from heights more or less distant, through dark shafts where the water often remains

stagnant, or becomes loaded with injurious substances. Such water is not found in the higher lying valleys, partly because, even when it passes under the surface of the soil, the passage is necessarily shorter, and partly because the fall being greater, the course is much more rapid. It is indisputable that the light of the sun exercises a chemical influence on waters; river water is in general soft, and spring water hard."

Thus our author concludes his autobiography:—

"Others may look back with longing on the lost paradise of their childhood. I never knew that paradise. I wandered an orphan, unloved and abandoned; yet neither unloved nor forgotten of God. I thank his guidance that has taught me to make the paradise in my own breast. To the youth the external world looked fairer. It was not so; but it looked fairer through the prism of youthful feelings and fancies; in that magic radiance which envelopes all with a sevenfold glory; now crippling giant forms, now stretching dwarfs to giant size, as whim or accident holds the magic glass: but even the youth was conscious of the fair deceit. He became a man. Life lay brighter before him; but the light was not in life but in himself; he could discriminate more accurately the substance from the shadow. From that time forward, he wrought without rest or stay for the dominion of the godlike on earth, to the best of his ability, that he might one day deserve his rest. What he did might be little, but the will was great. He took the sweet and bitter of life as destiny bestowed it, and thankful for both without giving too deeply for the transitory; accustomed to live always in the consciousness and love of the Eternal. And now my holiday is come, and it is welcome! I regret not that I have lived. Others may, in the autumn of their days, look over and count their harvests, I cannot. I scattered the seed, where the wind carried it I know not. The will for good was mine; its prospering was in the hands of God. Some unproductive seed I have also sown, yet I accuse not myself nor Heaven. Others may rejoice in their, more or less, hardly-won riches, or honours, or renown. I envy not their joy and pity their labour. Fortune's favour had no golden treasure for me; but content with that which diligence has won, and frugality has kept, I enjoy the noble independence for which I have always striven, and out of which I have been able to succour others yet poorer. Rank? I desired only that of a better humanity! Once only, in my youth, I sought a post of honour; but never again in my whole course of life; I have declined as many as I have accepted; and these I accepted only when the better qualified were wanting. Renown? An author's celebrity? Mere soap bubbles; I had a loftier aim than these."

Travels in North America; with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada and Nova Scotia. By Charles Lyell, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

WHILST staying at Boston Mr. Lyell heard Dr. Channing preach one of his last sermons. The sermon was less impressive than he had anticipated, but the Doctor's health was evidently at this time declining. Mr. Lyell afterwards met him at a dinner party; he was particularly interested in geological inquiries, especially those respecting the earth's antiquity, and the extinct races of animals, in relation to the Mosaic account of the history of man and the creation. It was at the time that the people of Rhode Island were demanding that the suffrage should be extended to every adult male, as in the rest of the United States. The sympathies of Dr. Channing were with the popular party; which, in his opinion, had grievances to complain of, however much, by their violent proceedings, they had put themselves in the wrong. The people of Rhode Island afterwards obtained their demands; but Mr. Lyell, who everywhere expresses himself unfavourable to universal suffrage, doubts much as to whether the State will be benefited by the change.

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Leaving Boston once more, he set out on a journey to the Valley of the Ohio, and the country west of the Alleghany Mountains. Although it was the first week in May, and the latitude 42° and 43° N., corresponding to that of southern Italy, the trees were only beginning to unfold their leaves after an unusually mild winter. He again passed through Philadelphia to Baltimore, and thence ascended the valley of the Patapsco to Frederic. Here an incident occurred characteristic of the state of monetary affairs in some parts of America at that time:—

"I had hired a carriage at Frederick to carry me to Harper's Ferry, and thence to Hagerstown, on the main road across the mountains. When I paid the driver, he told me that one of my dollar notes was bad, 'a mere personal note.' I asked him to explain, when he told me that he had issued such notes himself. 'A friend of mine at Baltimore,' he said, 'who kept an oyster store, once proposed to me to sign twenty-five such notes, promising that if I would eat out their value in oysters he would circulate them. They all passed, and we never heard of them again.' I asked how he reconciled this transaction to his conscience? He replied, that their currency was in a very unsound state, all the banks having suspended cash payment, and their only hope was that matters would soon become so bad that they must begin to mend. In short, it appeared that he and his friend had done their best to hasten on so desirable a crisis. The next day two Marylanders, one of them the driver of the stage coach, declared that if the State should impose a property tax, they would resist payment. As funds are now wanted to pay the dividends on the public debt, the open avowal of such opinions in a country where all have votes, sounded in my ears as of ominous import."

Whilst crossing the Alleghanies, he met with two Kentucky farmers returning from Baltimore, where they had been selling mules.

"They said their crops of grain had been so heavy for several seasons, that it would have cost too much to drag it over the hills to a market 400 miles distant, so that they had 'given it legs by turning it into mules.' I asked why not horses. They said mules were nearly as serviceable, and longer lived, coming in for a share of the longevity of the ass. During several days of travelling in public conveyances on the line of route, we met with persons in all ranks of life, but with no instance of rude or coarse manners."

He spent some time at Frostburg, a district which, on account of its coal and iron mines, was not only interesting in a geological point of view, but of importance in its relations to the wants of an increasing population like that of America. The marine shells found in the shales of the coal seams of Frostburg, presented characters identical with those found in the Glasgow and other British coal measures. Among the plants found in the shaly roof or ceiling of the coal, were many identical with European species. Comparing these plants with those existing at the present day on either side the Atlantic, there can be little doubt that, at the period the coal-beds of Europe and America were deposited, there was a much greater uniformity existing between the Floras than in those which now exist. Whatever may be the extent of coal beds in Europe, they are now probably well ascertained, but in America they seem inexhaustible. Mr. Lyell says that he "was truly astonished" at beholding the richness of the seams of coal, which, in the basin of the Ohio, appear everywhere on the flanks of the hills, and at the bottom of the valleys. These beds are in an extraordinary degree accessible. At Brownsville, a bed ten feet thick of good bituminous coal, breaks out in the river cliff, and near the water's edge. "The time has not yet arrived," says Mr. Lyell, "the soil being still densely covered with the primeval forest, and manufacturing industry in its infancy, when the full

value of this inexhaustible supply of cheap fuel can be appreciated; but the resources which it will one day afford to a region capable, by its agricultural produce, of supporting a large population, are truly magnificent. In order to estimate the natural advantages of such a region, we must reflect how three great navigable rivers, such as the Monongahela, Alleghany, and Ohio, intersect it, and lay open on their banks the level seams of coal."

Our author having reached Cincinnati, visited the celebrated bogs in its neighbourhood; the most remarkable of which is the Big Bone Lick. The term lick, is applied to those swamps where saline springs break out, and which causes them to be visited by deer, buffalo, and other wild animals for the sake of the salt. This they lick up, and are often destroyed by sinking in the swamp, and their bones accumulating in this lick, have got for it the name of Big Bone Lick.

Cincinnati, it appears, is a handsome town, and has distinguished itself, not by presenting their freedom to its coloured inhabitants, but to its pigs:—

"The pork aristocracy of Cincinnati does not mean those innumerable pigs which walk at large about the streets, as if they owned the town, but a class of rich merchants, who have made their fortunes by killing annually, salting, and exporting, about 200,000 swine. There are, besides these, other wealthy proprietors, who have speculated successfully in land, which often rises rapidly in value as the population increases. The general civilization and refinement of the citizens is far greater than might have been looked for in a state founded so recently, owing to the great number of families which have come directly from the highly educated part of New England, and have settled here. As to the free hogs before mentioned, which roam about the handsome streets, they belong to no one in particular, and any citizen is at liberty to take them up, fatten, and kill them. When they increase too fast, the town council interferes, and sells off some of their number. It is a favourite amusement with the boys to ride upon the pigs, and we were shown one sagacious old hog, who was in the habit of lying down as soon as a boy came in sight."

When passing through Ohio, our traveller could not but remark on the rapid increase of the population. In 1800, the inhabitants of the state amounted to 45,365; in 1840, it had reached 1,600,000, all free, and almost without any admixture of the coloured race. In this short interval, the forest had been transformed into a land of steam-boats, canals, and flourishing towns:—

"When conversing with a New England friend on the progress of American population I was surprised to learn, as a statistical fact, that there are more whites now living in North America than all that have died there since the days of Columbus. It seems probable, moreover, that the same remark may hold true for fifty years to come. The census has been very carefully taken in the U.S. since the year 1800, and it appears that the ratio of increase was 35 per cent. for the first decennial periods, and that it gradually diminished to about 32 per cent. in the last. From these data, Professor Tucker estimates that, in the year 1850, the population will amount in round numbers to 22 millions, in 1860 to 29 millions, in 1870 to 38 millions, in 1880 to 50 millions, in 1890 to 63 millions, and in 1900 to 80 millions. The territory of the United States is said to amount to one-tenth, or at the utmost to one-eighth of that colonized by Spain on the American continent. Yet in all the vast regions conquered by Cortes and Pizarro, there are considerably less than two millions of people of European blood, so that they scarcely exceed in number the population acquired in about half a century in Ohio, and fall far short of it in wealth and civilization."

Returning through Ohio, Mr. Lyell again visited the Falls of Niagara, and, crossing the river, commenced his travels on British possessions. He embarked at Queenston for Toronto. This city

contains 18,000 inhabitants, although the plain on which it stands is still covered for the most part with a dense forest, which is beginning to give way before the axe of the new settler. An adventure occurred in the forest here. Mr. Lyell had gone out on horseback with Mr. Roy to examine the country:—

"The appearance of the country had been so entirely altered since Mr. Roy surveyed the ground two years before, and marked out the boundaries of the new settlement, that he lost his way while explaining to me the geology of 'the ridges,' and after we had been on horseback for twelve hours we wandered about in a bright moonlight, unable to find the tavern where we hoped to pass the night. In the darker shade of the forest I saw many fire-flies; and my attention was kept alive in spite of fatigue, by stories of men and horses swallowed up in some of the morasses which we crossed. I shall always, in future, regard a corduroy road with respect, as marking a great step in the march of civilization; for greatly were we rejoiced when we discovered in the moonlight the exact part of a bog, over which a safe bridge of this kind had been laid down. At length we reached a log-house, and thought our troubles at an end. But the inmates, though eager to serve us, could not comprehend a syllable of our language. I tried English, French, and German, all in vain. Tired and disappointed, we walked to another log-house, a mile farther on, leading our weary horses, and then to others, but with no better success. Though not among Indians, we were as foreigners in a strange land. At last we stumbled, by good luck, upon our inn, and the next day we were told that the poor settlers with whom we had fallen in the night before had all come from the British Isles in the course of the five preceding years. Some of them could speak Gaelic, others Welsh, and others Irish; and the farmers were most eloquent in decanting on their misfortune of having no alternative but that of employing labourers with whom they were unable to communicate, or remaining in want of hands while so many were out of work and in great distress. For the first time I became fully aware how much the success and progress of a new colony depends on the state of schools in the mother country."

The tide of emigration in Canada seems entirely towards the upper province. In vain did a companion of Mr. Lyell, a farmer in want of labourers, implore some Scotch emigrants who were passing up the river, and had stopped in a steamer to take in water, to remain with him. "They said they had cousins and friends in Upper Canada, and were all resolved to go there." Everything, however, seemed less prosperous in Canada than the United States. On inquiring of the English proprietors why the roads were in so bad a state; they replied that the French farmers refused to pay taxes for bettering the roads, preferring to wear out their horses and travel slower, than to pay money down to a tax-gatherer:—

"The anecdotes told us by the British settlers, of the superstitious horror of the old Canadians at the new inventions and innovations of the Anglo-Americans, were very amusing. The river craft of the Canadian 'voyageurs' was so unrivalled in its way that we may pardon them for beholding the first steamers with jealousy. One of them is said to have exclaimed, as he saw them ascending the St. Lawrence, 'Mais, croyez-vous que le bon Dieu permettra tout cela?' During this tour I often thought of the old story of the American, who said that 'if the United States ever got possession of Canada they would soon improve the French off the face of the earth.' The French party speak of the late Lord Sydenham as if they really believed him capable of conceiving and executing such a project. On the other hand, not a few of the English settlers, while they praised his zeal and habits of business, and devotedness to the interests of Canada, took pains to persuade me that if his measures were enlightened, his means of carrying them through the legislature were equally unscrupulous. One of his admirers deeply imbued with the spirit of his policy, is said to have declared, 'We shall never make anything of Canada until we anglicize and protestantize it;' to which a French seigneur rejoined

with bitterness, 'Had you not better finish Ireland first?'

After visiting Montreal and Burlington, Mr. Lyell crossed the Green Mountains of Vermont, and passing through Concord, Montpelier, and Hanover, calling at Dartmouth College, returned through New Hampshire to Boston. This was July 9th:—

"Since we had left that city in May we had travelled in a little more than two months a distance of 2500 miles on railways, in steamboats, and canoes, in public and private carriages, without any accident, and having always found it possible so to plan our journey from day to day, as to avoid all fatigue and night travelling. We had usually slept in tolerable inns, and sometimes in excellent hotels in small towns, and had scarcely ever been interrupted by bad weather. I infer, from the dismay occasionally expressed by Americans when we pursued our journey, in spite of rain, that the climate of the States must be always as we found it this year—wonderfully more propitious to tourists than that of the 'old country,' though it is said to be less favourable to the health and complexion of Europeans. I ventured on one or two occasions in Canada, when I thought that the inns did not come up to the reasonable expectations of a traveller, to praise those of the United States. I was immediately assured that if their countrymen preferred to dine at ordinaries, or to board with their families at taverns, instead of cultivating domestic habits like the English, nothing would be more easy than to have fine hotels in small Canadian towns. This led me to inquire how many families, out of more than fifty which we had happened to visit in our tour of eleven months in the United States, resided in boarding-houses. I found that there was not one; and that all of them lived in houses of their own. Some of these were in the northern and middle, others in the southern and western States; some in affluent, others in very moderate circumstances: they comprised many merchants as well as lawyers, ministers of religion, political, literary, and scientific men."

Mr. Lyell finally left Boston in July 1842, determining to devote a month to the geology of Nova Scotia. The coal formation and whole geological character of this country afforded him some interesting results. Near Minudie, many upright trees have been found in the coal beds. No part of the original plant is preserved except the bark, which forms a tube of pure bituminous coal, filled with sand, clay, and other deposits, forming a solid internal cylinder without traces of organic structure. Mr. Lyell believes these trees to be identical with those found at Dixonfold, on the Bolton railway. Seventeen of these trees were observed, and at ten different levels, so that they must be regarded as the remains of at least ten distinct forests that had been successively exposed to the action of the sea, covered and again brought above the level of the water. From the erect position of these trees, and their being superimposed one upon another, Mr. Lyell concludes that the plants forming the coal beds must have grown on the spot where the coal now exists.

Our Nova Scotian fellow-subjects are not much known, and would have been less so but for the humour of 'Sam Slick.' Mr. Lyell has a good word for them, and a remark or two worth attention, with which we will conclude our extracts:—

"I never travelled in any country where my scientific pursuits seemed to be better understood, or were more zealously forwarded, than in Nova Scotia, although I went there almost without letters of introduction. At Truro, having occasion to go over a great deal of ground in different directions, on two successive days, I had employed two pair of horses, one in the morning, and the other in the afternoon. The postmaster, an entire stranger to me, declined to receive payment for them, although I pressed him to do so, saying that he heard I was exploring the country at my own expense, and he wished to contribute his share towards scientific investigations undertaken for the public good. We know, on the authority

of the author of 'Sam Slick,' unless he has belied his countrymen, that some of the Blue Noses (so called from a kind of potato which thrives here) are not in the habit of setting a very high value, either on their own time or that of others. To this class, I presume, belonged the driver of a stage-coach, who conducted us from Pictou to Truro. Drawing in the reins of his four horses, he informed us that there were a great many wild raspberries by the road-side, quite ripe, and that he intended to get off and eat some of them, as there was time to spare, for he should still arrive in Truro by the appointed hour. It is needless to say that all turned out, as there was no alternative but to wait in the inside of a hot coach, or to pick fruit in the shade. Had the same adventure happened to a traveller in the United States, it might have furnished a good text to one inclined to decant on the inconvenient independence of manners which democratic institutions have a tendency to create. Doubtless, the political and social circumstances of all new colonies promote a degree of equality which influences the manners of the people. There is here no hereditary aristocracy—no proprietors who can let their lands to tenants—no dominant sect, with the privileges enjoyed by a church establishment. The sects are too numerous, and too fairly balanced, to admit of the possibility of such a policy; and the Baptists, who predominate greatly in number and position in society, are opposed on principle to all ecclesiastical endowments by the state. The influence of birth and family is scarcely felt, and the resemblance of the political and social state of things to that in the United States is striking. * * * It is no small object of ambition for a Nova Scotian to 'go home,' which means to 'leave home, and see England.' However much his curiosity may be gratified by the tour, his vanity, as I learn from several confessions made to me, is often put to a severe trial. It is mortifying to be asked in what part of the world Nova Scotia is situated—to be complimented on 'speaking good English, although an American'—to be asked 'what excuse can possibly be made for repudiation?'—to be forced to explain to one fellow countryman after another 'that Nova Scotia is not one of the United States, but a British province.' All this, too, after having prayed loyally every Sunday for Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales—after having been so ready to go to war about the Canadian borders, the New York sympathisers, the detention of Macleod, and any other feud! Nations know nothing of one another—most true—but unfortunately in this particular case the ignorance is all on one side, for almost every native of Nova Scotia knows and thinks a great deal about England. It may, however, console the Nova Scotian to reflect, that there are districts in the British isles, far more populous than all his native peninsula, which the majority of the English people have never heard of, and respecting which, if they were named, few could say whether they spoke Gaelic, Welsh, or Irish, or what form of religion the greater part of them professed."

Mr. Lyell is so earnest and honest a writer, and so careful a geologist, that we have no fault to find. At the same time we must confess to having deferred a good deal of the geology for a leisure day; and we think the volumes would have been rendered more generally acceptable had the geology and the general observations been separate.

The Whiteboy, a Story of Ireland in 1822. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall. We doubt if misgovernment has ever called forth so large an amount of eloquent and imaginative protest, in fiction or song, as that of St. Patrick's Island. Its children, we know, have a Benjamin's share of the artistic temperament: but there is much in the record itself, in treating which, even a cold Englishman, or a "canny Scot," could hardly fail to produce powerful and moving effects. Last, but not least of the "illustrations" and, indisputably, Mrs. Hall's best novel, comes 'The Whiteboy.' The interest of the subject has done much for her story—but the progress, also, of the authoress claims its share in the success. In Mrs. Hall's

former three volume novels, the narration was prolix, and the invention confused: here, in lieu of wordiness, we have eloquent description, and entanglement of incident is exchanged for that simplicity without which (to adopt a phrase of one of poor Caesar Otway's heroines) there is neither "grandeur nor goodness"—nor "pace and dacency." Briefly, then, 'The Whiteboy' is an excellent contribution to Messrs. Chapman & Hall's "Monthly Series." The events of the tale are simple: a young English heir to Irish property repairs to take possession of his estates, with the wise resolution of avoiding partisanship. At the time of his disembarkation, however, the Harpy, and not the Halcyon, is in the ascendant. The simultaneous deaths of a rich Protestant lady and of a decayed Catholic chieftainess, have given occasion to a collision at the funerals, in which blood has been shed, and hate stirred that nothing but more blood will quench: and to make the discord yet more hopeless, the heroine has lived as adopted child with one lady, Mrs. Spencer, (whose heir, by the way, is the hero)—while her brother has been nurtured in old Irish pride, by the papistical Madam MacCarthy. Nor is this all; such "a goodly masque" could not "lack a fool"—still less a knave; and a black, bitter, cowardly villain is Abel Richards, the Protestant middleman. He has hunted and strained and vexed the miserable peasantry, till every bad passion which prompts them to "eye for eye" retribution is stirred. Mr. Spencer's arrival in the county is signalized by the burning of Richards's house, and the escape of the wretch: who finds aid and shelter from one whom he afterwards betrays; we will neither tell how nor why, as therein lies "the heart" of Mrs. Hall's mystery.

This Whiteboy outrage is but one link of a chain. We are next shown a midnight meeting, forcibly described; but interrupted more dramatically than probably. The interruption, however, gives Mrs. Hall occasion to exhibit what is so dear to her—the Irishman's chivalrous generosity. She is, after all, but a national teacher; since, while her lips are ever busy to inculcate the common-sense and clear view of practical duty which Miss Edgeworth was the first to hold up to the Lantys and Rackrents of the dear country—her heart inclines towards that romantic devotion of high spirit to picturesque enterprise, which was the life-breath of all Lady Morgan's Irish novels. Be she a good schoolmistress or not, on the present occasion, Mrs. Hall is attractive as a romancer and sound as a moralist. Her dialogue, too, is, in this tale, good and easy—though still occasionally too liberally starred with "flowers of rothorik." To take leave, Mrs. Hall deserves Ireland's (and our) best thanks for 'The Whiteboy.'

The World Surveyed in the XIXth Century; or, Recent Narratives of Scientific and Exploratory Expeditions, (undertaken chiefly by Command of Foreign Governments.) Translated and (where necessary) Abridged by W. D. Cooley. Vol. I.—'Parrot's Journey to Ararat.'

[Second Notice.]

On the morning of September 10th (22nd) Mr. Parrot and his companions bade adieu to the patriarch, the twelve bishops and archbishops, the forty archimandrites and host of deacons, and set forward towards the foot of Ararat. The party was increased by three or four temporary attendants, the most valuable of whom was the young deacon, Khachatur Abovian, whose knowledge of the Armenian, Persian, Tartar and Russian languages rendered him a valuable—indeed, an indispensable acquisition. He had earnestly besought permission to accompany them, and no wonder: he wanted a frolic, and

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especially to escape from the solemn greybeards, whose sunken eyes would twinkle and empty heads shake at every appearance of natural hilarity. He was to introduce the party to the other Armenian establishments on the route or in the neighbourhood of the mountain, and to serve them whenever he could. In every respect he won the esteem of those whom he conducted.

In about six hours the travellers reached the Araxes, which they crossed with some difficulty; and the same evening saw them safely over the Blackwater (Kara-su), where they encamped. The following morning they resumed the journey, but there was no longer either pathway or level plain; the inequalities of the ground showed that they were treading the base of the gigantic mountain. It was soon evident, indeed, that the frequent interpositions of rock would render it impassable for the waggons. They were accordingly dismissed, and the baggage was conveyed on the backs of oxen to the village of Arguri.

But Arguri was afflicted with the plague, and would not therefore serve for the head-quarters of the party. Fortunately for them, there was a small monastery or hermitage higher up the declivity, which had no intercourse with the world below, and was in consequence free from the scourge. Entering the court-yard of this establishment, they were met and welcomed by the venerable superior, Varthabed Karapet, archimandrite of St. James, whose austerities forcibly remind us of the solitary inmates of the Great Chartreuse. He was clad "in a warm gown of blue serge, with a pair of common slippers, and woollen Persian socks." "His head was grey, exempt from the obligation of tonsure since the downfall of the Persian monarchy, and covered with the pointed Capuchin cowl of blue Indian stuff; his beard was long; his eyes, deeply set and large, spake only of chastened longings after a better world." His voice was weak and hollow; he never smiled; but there was a benevolence and even cheerfulness in his countenance indicative of the peace within. For years he had been in the habit of working at his own grave, or rather vault, with trowel, mortar and stone, and the occupation evidently gave him the only real pleasure he was capable of feeling. We have called him the superior, but he had no monks; he was accompanied only by two male servants to look after his sheep, goats, vegetables, &c.—the former being probably no part of his diet, but useful to exchange for articles of which he had more need. In such an establishment the accommodation for seventeen (for to that number the party was augmented by Cossacks and soldiers from Tiflis, and attendants from the monastery) was not likely to be very agreeable. Provisions they had to find for themselves, wherever they could; but at Arguri and the more distant villages money rendered this no difficult task. A long chamber adjoining the cell of the archimandrite served for kitchen and parlour, a sort of granary being given up to them for a bed-room.

On the morning of September 12th (24th) Mr. Parrot and three companions left the hermitage of St. James to ascend the mountain, with the view rather of reconnoitring than with any serious hope of reaching the summit. Passing through a deep ravine, and ascending the grassy declivity behind, they began to tread the rugged, often rocky sides of the mountain; but so fatiguing was their progress, owing partly to the excessive heat in the early part of the ascent, that it was 6 o'clock, P.M. before they had approached even near the lower, or occasional border of snow and ice. Here it was cold enough, and here they encamped for the night. At break of day they continued their course up the slope on the eastern side of the mountain, which, though apparently

smooth from a distance, is intersected by sharp rugged rocks, with deep cavities between them full of ice or snow. The first glacier was passed with great difficulty and fatigue—so much so, that one of the attendants could go no farther, and another had previously turned back from a similar cause. There remained, therefore, only Mr. Parrot and Mr. Schiemann (who had left Dorpat with him), but they were not disposed to give way. Passing the second glacier and the third ridge, they found themselves on the border of the permanent ice, which continued without intermission to the very summit; and this point they estimated at 13,954 feet in elevation. Whatever might have been their difficulties previously, they were small compared with those which remained. Though the angle of the ascent did not exceed thirty degrees, yet the inequalities were frequent, and the foot could scarcely plant itself securely on any part of the ice.

Instead of following a direct, they adopted an oblique line of ascent, till they gained a long craggy ridge stretching upwards towards the summit. This they were chiefly enabled to do by the aid of the iron-pointed staffs, with which they both made holes in the ice and steadied themselves when on the point of losing their footing. By the time they had begun to proceed upwards on this ridge it was 3 o'clock, P.M.; and though they were 15,400 feet above the level of the sea—that is, about the same elevation as Mont Blanc,—the snowy peak of the Greater Ararat was far above them. To reach it that night, even if no insuperable obstacle should intervene, was hopeless; to remain there all night, without attendants or necessary supplies, was equally impossible. Accordingly, they resolved to descend; but the task was less easy than they had thought:—

"Satisfied with the result, and with having ascertained that the mountain was by no means wholly inaccessible on this side, and having made our barometrical observations, we turned about and immediately fell into a danger which we never dreamt of in ascending. For, while the footing is generally less sure in descending a mountain than in ascending it, at the same time it is extremely difficult to restrain one's self and to tread with the requisite caution, when looking from above upon such a uniform survey of ice and snow, as spread from beneath our feet to the distance of two-thirds of a mile without interruption, and on which, if we happened to slip and fall, there was nothing to prevent our rapidly shooting downwards, except the angular fragments of rock which bounded the region of ice. The danger here lies more in want of habit than in real difficulty. The active spirit of my young friend, now engaged in his first mountain journey, and whose strength and courage were able to cope with harder trials, was yet unable to withstand this: treading incautiously, he fell; but, as he was about twenty paces behind me, I had time to strike my staff before me in the ice as deep as it would go, to plant my foot firmly on my excellent many-pointed ice-shoe, and, while my right hand grasped the staff, to catch M. Schiemann with my left, as he was sliding by. My position was good, and resisted the impetus of his fall; but the tie of the ice-shoe, although so strong that it appeared to be of a piece with the sole, gave way with the strain; the straps were cut through as if with a knife, and, unable to support the double weight on the bare sole, I also fell. M. Schiemann, rolling against two stones, came to a stoppage with little injury, sooner than myself; the distance over which I was hurried almost unconsciously, was little short of a quarter of a mile, and ended in the debris of lava, not far from the border of the glacier."

In this disaster the tube of the barometer was broken, and the chronometer was opened and sprinkled with Mr. Parrot's blood. But though bruised and sore, he was not seriously hurt. Both descended, joined their attendant yäger, who had been waiting for them, passed the second night "in the region of grass," and reached the hermitage of St. James at 10 o'clock the third

morning. They took especial care not to acquaint the Armenians with their fall. With that people it is an article of faith, that the ark yet remains on the summit; that to preserve it the ascent is divinely forbidden; and that the man who perseveres in the attempt is sure to meet with the penalty due to his impious rashness. There is, to be sure, a small piece of the said holy vessel, which is religiously preserved in the monastery of Echmiadzin. How came it there? Of course, by a miracle. Early in the fourth century (or somewhere about that time) a monk named Jacob (afterwards patriarch of Nisibis) was determined to see whether Noah's ark was there or not, even if the ascent should take him a whole year. There was no great difficulty, by easy stages, in reaching the line of perpetual coagulation; but much above that he could not permanently ascend. Though he sometimes attained a great elevation, he always found that during his sleep he had slid downwards to the borders of the ice, and his labour was to be recommenced. This was discouraging enough; but he persevered, until he was one night told in a dream that his labour would be in vain; that he must therefore desist; but that as his motive was good (to satisfy unbelievers), a piece of the real vessel was sent him, which would answer the purpose just as well. Hence the peculiar sanctity of the relic in the Cathedral of Echmiadzin.

Though this first attempt had been so disastrous, and had been near proving so fatal, it was not likely to deter a man who had come all the way from Dorpat from making another. Having recruited himself by rest, and repaired his barometer to his satisfaction, he resolved to make a new and public display of his zeal. He had a cross made some ten feet high, and a leaden plate, with an inscription to indicate the altitude which the demons of the mountain might permit him to reach. To render the enterprise more likely to succeed, the cross was prayed to, anointed with oil, and blessed by the archimandrite according to the Armenian ritual. Beasts of burden were provided, to ascend as far as they could with the necessary instruments, warm clothing, provisions, &c. On the morning of September 18th (30th) the party set forward, consisting of Mr. Parrot, Von Bahaghel, Schiemann, the deacon Abovian, four Armenian peasants from Arguri, three Russian soldiers, and a driver for the four oxen—in all a dozen, which was raised to the baker's count by the accession of Stepan Melik, an elder of Arguri, who was an excellent guide. In conformity with this man's advice, the ascent was this time attempted on the north-west side of the mountain, where the way, though longer, is generally less precipitous. Passing over the grassy region, they came to the sandy and the volcanic, next the rocky, and then, very unexpectedly, a plain; where, after five hours' labour, they were glad to rest. From this plain, which is nearly twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, the declivity is steep, and generally rugged until the rocky stage is passed, and the icy region commences. At 6 P.M. they had reached an elevation of above 13,000 feet, and were not far from the border of that region. With great difficulty, and by constantly following an oblique direction, the oxen had been brought up to this point; but to drive them higher was hopeless, and they were turned loose. Here the night was passed. At half-past 7 the following morning, the bipeds resumed the journey, the thermometer standing four degrees below the freezing point, and in two hours, after great toil, they reached the snowy limits, 14,240 feet above the level of the sea:—

"For an instant we halted at the foot of the pyramid of snow which before our eyes was projected with

wondrous grandeur on the clear blue sky: we chose out such matters as could be dispensed with, and left them behind a rock; then serious and in silence, and not without a devout shuddering, we set foot upon that region which certainly since Noah's time no human being had ever trodden. At first the progress was easy, because the acclivity was not very steep, and besides it was covered with a layer of fresh snow on which it was easy to walk; the few cracks in the ice, also, which occurred, were of no great breadth, and could be easily stepped over. But this joy did not last long; for, after we had advanced about 200 paces, the steepness increased to such a degree, that we were no longer able to tread securely on the snow, but, in order to save ourselves from sliding down on the ice beneath it, we were obliged to have recourse to that measure, for the employment of which I had taken care to equip myself and my companions, namely the cutting of steps. Although that which is called ice on such mountains, is in reality snow converted into a glacier, that is to say, permeated with water and again frozen, in which state it is far from possessing the solidity of true ice, yet like this it does not yield to the pressure of the foot, and requires where the slope is very rapid, the cutting of steps. For this purpose some of us had brought little axes, some bill-hooks, while others again, made use of the ice-staff. The general rule in the ascent was, that the leader should only cut the ice, just enough to allow himself to mount, and that each as he followed should enlarge the step; and thus, while the labour of the foremost was lightened, a good path was prepared for the descent, wherein much firmer footing is required than in ascending."

In this painful progress, the carrying of the cross was no little hindrance. And there were other obstacles. Craggy projections of ice had to be turned, and deep chasms passed over; and in surmounting these impediments so much time was lost, that there remained not enough of daylight for their purposes when they had reached a small snowy plain considerably under the summit. Besides, a humid wind arose and was supposed to indicate a snow-storm. Here then, at an elevation of above 16,000 feet—the highest that had ever been attained by any traveller—they agreed to erect the cross, and to descend. It was placed in a position looking towards Erivan; and, from its black painted colour contrasting with the snows around it, must, the author thought, be visible from a considerable distance. He was greatly pained, he tells us, at the necessity for such a descent; but there was no remedy; and he was consoled by the latent hope that he should still accomplish his object. The party now began the descent; at dusk, they reached the plain where the oxen had been left, and where they passed the night; and at ten the following morning, they re-entered the walls of the hermitage.

Hitherto, we have followed our author without distrust. His narrative everywhere bears the impress of probability and of truth, and has been supported by the evidence of his companions. But in the reality of what follows, there will, if we mistake not, be less confidence—we mean as to the alleged fact of his having actually reached the summit of Great Ararat. Let us first hear his own statement, before we pass any strictures upon it.

In a few days afterwards, so little prospect was there of attaining the great object of the expedition, that two of the gentlemen from Dorpat set forth on a botanizing visit into the neighbouring country. While they were absent, late as the season was, the sky cleared up, the wind fell, and the air became pure; and Mr. Parrot proceeded a third time to prepare for the ascent. Being furnished with three oxen and four peasants by Stepan of Arguri, he left the hermitage October 8, accompanied, also, by the deacon Abovian, two soldiers, one gentleman from Dorpat, and another peasant who volunteered his services. Past experience had taught him the advantage of spending the night as near

as possible to the line of perpetual ice. Having reached the rocky region, he sent back both the horses which he and the deacon rode, and with them returned the Dorpat gentleman (Hehn) who, we are given to understand by implication, had no relish for the fatiguing exercise that lay before them. When the oxen, also, could ascend no higher, they were left as before—each man carrying with him what seemed indispensable. At half-past 5 they had approached very near to "the lower border of snow," at an elevation of nearly 14,000 feet; and there, as large masses of rock lay scattered about, they passed the night. Having kindled a fire, though the cold was not near so great as on the former occasion—(only 40° of Fah.) they passed it in comfort, and even cheerfulness. This effect was partly produced by the onion soup which the professor strongly recommends to every mountain traveller. The warmth, the clear sky, the good humour of every one seemed like a prognostic of the following day's triumph:—

"At the first dawn we roused ourselves up, and at about half-past six proceeded on our march. The last tracts of rocky fragments were crossed in about half an hour, and we once more trod on the limits of perpetual snow nearly in the same place as before, having first lightened ourselves by depositing near some heaps of stones such articles as we could dispense with. But the snowy region had undergone a great, and for us by no means favourable change. The newly fallen snow which had been of some use to us in our former attempt, had since melted, from the increased heat of the weather, and was now changed into glacier ice, so that notwithstanding the moderate steepness of the acclivity, it would be necessary to cut steps from below. This made our progress a laborious affair, and demanded the full exertion of our strength from the first starting. We were obliged to leave one of the peasants behind at the place where we spent the night, as he complained of illness; two others tired in ascending the glacier, stopped at first only to rest, but afterwards went back to the same station. The rest of us, without allowing ourselves to be detained an instant by these accidents, pushed on unremittently to our object, rather excited than discouraged by the difficulties in our way. We soon after came again to the great crack which marks the upper edge of the icy slope just ascended, and about ten o'clock we found ourselves exactly in the place where we had arrived on the former occasion at noon, that is to say on the great plain of snow, which forms the first step downward from the icy head of Ararat. We saw from a distance of about half a mile the cross erected on the 19th September, but it looked so uncommonly small, perhaps owing to its black colour, that I could not help doubting whether I should be able to make it out, and to recognize it with an ordinary telescope from the plain of the Araxes. In the direction of the summit we had before us an acclivity shorter but steeper than that just passed over; and between it and the furthest pinnacle there seemed to intervene only a gentle swelling of the ground. After a short rest, we ascended with the aid of hewn steps the next slope (the steepest of all), and then another elevation; but now instead of seeing immediately in front of us the grand object of all our exertions, a whole row of hills had developed itself to our eyes, and completely intercepted the view of the summit. At this our spirits which had never fluctuated so long as we supposed that we had a view of all the difficulties to be surmounted sank not a little, and our strength exhausted by the hard work of cutting steps in the ice, seemed hardly adequate to the attainment of the now invisible goal. Yet, on calculating what was already done and what remained to be done, on considering the proximity of the succeeding row of heights, and casting a glance at my hearty followers, care fled, and, 'boldly onwards' resounded in my bosom. We passed without stopping over a couple of hills; there we felt the mountain wind; I pressed forward round a projecting mound of snow, and behold! before my eyes, now intoxicated with joy, lay the extreme cone, the highest pinnacle of Ararat. Still, a last effort was required of us to ascend a tract of ice by means of steps, and that accomplished, about a quarter past three on the 27th

September (9th Oct.), 1829, WE STOOD ON THE TOP OF ARARAT."

Here, if the truth be told, was triumph indeed, and well-earned; and, for a time, all other feelings might well be absorbed in it. When the travellers had rested themselves a little, and had leisure to look about them, they found the summit, in shape nearly cruciform about two hundred paces in circuit, and sloping precipitately on every side, particularly towards the south-east and north-east. There was no rock, no stone, nothing but eternal ice.

"Should any one now inquire respecting the possibility of remains of the Ark still existing on Ararat, it may be replied that there is nothing in that possibility incompatible with the laws of nature, if it only be assumed that immediately after the Flood the summit of that mountain began to be covered with perpetual ice and snow, an assumption which cannot be reasonably objected to. And when it is considered that on great mountains accumulated coverings of ice and snow exceeding 100 feet in thickness are by no means unusual, it is obvious that on the top of Ararat there may be easily a sufficient depth of ice to cover the Ark, which was only thirty ells high."

The view, we are further told, was not so extensive as it might have been, owing to a vapoury cloud which covered the valley of the Araxes. Through it, like dark spots no bigger than the human head, appeared Erivan and Sardarabad. Southwards, the hills beyond Bayazet were more distinctly visible. To the north-west the serrated head of Aleghes rose in majesty, its hollows being filled with snow. On the summit, proceeds the author, the mercury in the thermometer stood at nearly seven degrees below the freezing point. By the barometer the height above the hermitage of St. James was estimated at 10,876 feet, or 17,210 feet above the level of the sea. This elevation is only 200 feet different from the trigonometrical measurement of Mr. Fedorov, taken from the plain of Araxes, in the first half of October. Having remained on the summit about three quarters of an hour, and erected a cross, the adventurous party (six in number) began the toilsome and dangerous descent, and the sun had sunk below the horizon before they reached the spot where they had bivouacked the preceding night. There they spent the next, with another cheerful fire, and still more cheerful hearts, and about noon the following day entered the walls of St. James.

Such is Mr. Parrot's narrative in a condensed form. Of its truth we entertained no doubt during the composition of the first notice; but as, with pen in hand, we followed him step by step, in his third ascent, and took into consideration other circumstances to which little or no allusion has yet been made, the suspicion arose that much of what we were reading was pure invention, and every new examination has given force to the impression. Though the task is in no respect agreeable, we are bound to state the reasons of our scepticism; and our readers may approve or reject them at their own pleasure.

From the pointed and rugged forms of the icy peak of Great Ararat, preceding travellers had declared the ascent to be impossible. When, therefore, news of the actual ascent was spread through central Europe, one scientific and literary writer at the least had the boldness to deny it. Alarmed for his reputation, Mr. Parrot obtained, through the medium of the Russian government, affidavits from four out of the five persons who, according to his relation, had ascended and descended with him. As these affidavits were taken within two years after the alleged event, there was not enough of intervening time to impair the memory in regard to any of the circumstances. These five persons were the deacon Abovian, Alexei Sdrovenko,

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and Matvei Chalpanof, soldiers of the forty-first Yäger regiment serving in Armenia, Murat Pogossian, and Ovannes Aivassian, Armenian inhabitants of the village of Arguri. From their testimony,—the very testimony adduced for the ascent to the summit—we expect to show that it did not take effect. We do not say that it could not—for we dismiss altogether the alleged physical impossibility.

Of these witnesses, the two soldiers were examined on oath Nov. 2, 1831, by the high priest, Vassili Romanof, in presence of five officers of the regiment, assembled (apparently) at Tiflis or Erivan. In answer to the questions put by him, both swore unhesitatingly that in September 1829 they had accompanied Mr. Parrot to the very summit of Ararat; that they had fixed a wooden cross on the summit firmly in the ice; and that the ascent and descent had occupied three days. When asked what reward they had received from the professor, they replied, a *ducat* in the hermitage of St. James; but that on their return to Erivan they had each received ten silver rubles from their commanding officer.

This positive evidence would of course settle the dispute, were it not counterbalanced by that of the two Armenians of Arguri. They, too, were examined on oath October 15th, 1831, by the Armenian priest Ter Sakar, in presence of the Russian superintendent of police of Erivan. Both deposed to the other circumstances as related by the Professor; but both denied that they had ever reached the summit of the mountain. "We were not on the summit, and could not get there, because further on there is no snow lying, but only ice; and besides the steepness of the slope allows no farther progress." For their reward they had each a silver ruble.

At the same time, or rather three days before, (Oct. 12th, 1831) Stepan Melik (called in the depositions Melik Stepan Aga), the chief of Arguri, was examined on oath by another priest, in presence of the same superintendent of police, Erivan. As he did not accompany the Professor in the third ascent, his evidence is only hearsay; but still it is worth something. Murat Pogossian and Ovannes Aivassian had always said that on this (third) occasion they had not ascended higher than on the second, and that the second cross, though fixed in a different place, was not higher up the mountain. But it may not be amiss to transcribe the opinion of this shrewd local chief as to the possibility of reaching the top of the mountain:—

"As to ascending the highest summit of Ararat, that is quite impossible, partly on account of the terrible cold, which makes it difficult even to draw one's breath, even where the cross was erected, but chiefly because the mountains, rising beyond the place of the cross, fill one with terror at the first view of their steepness, and no longer covered with snow but all of ice, they rise like great walls; and even, in order to succeed in reaching the place where the cross is erected, it is necessary that the ice on the mountain should be covered with snow. With respect to the length of time which would be required to reach the summit (supposing this to be possible), it is the more difficult to estimate it, inasmuch as no one ever reached before even the point where the cross is erected; and in climbing the mountain to the place here indicated, I and the villagers were often obliged to haul up M. Parrot and his companions with ropes."

Mr. Parrot, of course, denies this employment of the ropes; but he cannot be a witness in his own cause.

At the first glance, the evidence appears to be so completely balanced,—two *for* and two *against*—that the question would be left merely doubtful. But there are other considerations capable, we think, of turning the balance in favour of the Armenian witnesses. 1. If they

had really ascended to the summit, they would surely not have concealed a feat so flattering to their vanity, and least of all from their village chief, with whom they were in daily intercourse. 2. They must have known that their testimony to Mr. Parrot's success could not fail to be agreeable to the Russian authorities, and they were consequently disposed to confirm his statements as far as they could. 3. The same consideration, viz. the wish of gratifying their superiors, might have led the two Russian soldiers to stretch their consciences for that purpose, no less than for the honour claimed by their country of having first succeeded in so hazardous and difficult an enterprise. 4. Why did each of them receive ten silver rubles on their return to Erivan, when their pay as soldiers must have been accumulating all the time of their absence? The local authorities of Russia are not wont to be thus liberal towards the lowest of their subordinates. 5. Chalpanof, who is made the mouthpiece of the replies given in the examination, had actually ascended with the professor and others to the top of *Little Ararat*, a few days after the alleged ascent to the summit of the *Great Ararat*. Did he observe the *letter* and disregard the *spirit* of his oath? 6. The documents to which we refer come to us through Russian hands, and are translated by Mr. Parrot himself.

If a consideration of these circumstances should incline the balance in favour of the native Armenians' evidence, two others may be adduced of at least equal weight in support of the same view. 1. None of the Europeans—not even the feld-yäger, who had left Dorpat with the Professor—were present at this third ascent. Von Behagel and Schiemann were gone on "an interesting excursion to the salt mines of Kulse, up the Araxes, sixty miles from Ararat." Fedorov, we suppose, was occupied in the plains below on his trigonometrical labours, though we are informed that he carried them on "during the first half of October;" at least, if he were not there, we know not where he was. Hehn, as we have already observed, left the party very early on the first day of the third ascent,—why, is best known to the parties concerned. As to the feld-yäger, we are not told where he was. That *all* these should be absent seems passing strange:—nobody retained but ignorant Armenians and Russian soldiers, who were not likely to hear a syllable, during the rest of their lives, of literary disputes in Europe. 2. But no! all the Armenians present were not ignorant. Was not the deacon Abovian there? Then why was not his testimony also brought forward? Why is not a word said about him or it? His abode, the monastery of Echmiadzin, was nearer to either Tiflis or Erivan than the village of Arguri, and much more accessible. Was he applied to, and his testimony suppressed? Or was he not applied to? In either case, the exclusion of so important a witness would (at least, in our opinion) alone be fatal to Mr. Parrot's pretension. We may, indeed, be told that "dark superstition" would prevent the community of Echmiadzin from allowing the young deacon to be examined,—just as it did prevent (so the Professor insinuates) the villagers of Arguri from telling the truth. The superstition is too ridiculous to deserve a thought. If even this superstition existed to such an extent as to occasion deliberate perjury, it would not, we may safely conclude, have been able to withstand Russian influence. Had the truth been presumed favourable to the claim of the Dorpat professor, it would have been forced from the young deacon, though the whole monastery, and the whole Armenian church, had encouraged him to conceal or pervert it.

From these united considerations, we are

irresistibly led to the conclusion that Dr. Parrot did not ascend the summit of Great Ararat. We care not for the eulogium passed upon him by Von Humboldt, who had probably no personal acquaintance with him. Even if it did not exclusively relate (as it most certainly does) to the Professor's candour in owning himself wrong in his former barometrical levellings (executed in 1811) between the Euxine and the Caspian (there is little candour in acknowledging what, as he well foresaw, scientific experiments would soon determine to be erroneous, and erroneous in fact they have been determined), what would it weigh against positive facts, and presumptions so strong as almost to deserve the name of facts? On this subject we shall not add another word.

We cannot dismiss this celebrated mountain without adverting for a moment to the earthquake which, in 1840, so much affected it, and so dreadfully scourged the neighbouring country. It broke out on the 20th of June, about a quarter before seven in the evening, and in the immediate vicinity of the mountain lasted only two or three minutes; farther off it was felt until seven, with more or less violence. At the very commencement the hermitage of St. James and the village of Arguri, with its thousand inhabitants, were buried for ever beneath the river of lava, mud, rocks, snow, and ice precipitated from the bowels of the mountain, from the higher declivity, or from the chasm which lay high up the slope. The banks of the Araxes gaped with hideous cracks, ten or twelve feet wide, parallel with the river, and threw out water and sand. In the neighbourhood of Sharur, three thousand houses were cast down; in Erivan and the neighbouring villages above six thousand shared the same fate, and thousands more in different directions, though the loss of life was fortunately insignificant. On the summit itself immense quantities of snow and ice were gradually loosened, and on the morning of the 21st, at nine o'clock, it moved downwards, carrying rocks, precipices, mud, &c. along in one vast stream, from eighty to a hundred feet deep, and miles in width, and exhausted itself in the valley of the Araxes. The most striking result of this volcanic action is, that the icy summit of Great Ararat is sunk considerably, though it has not fallen in, as was reported at the time. Whether this revolution has rendered the ascent easier, must be left to the determination of future travellers.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Prime Minister: an Historical Romance, by William H. G. Kingston, author of 'The Circassian Chief,' &c. 3 vols.—This novel was overlooked by us on its first appearance; a matter, however, of less regret, inasmuch as it is strong enough to wait. A more interesting historical romance has not been recently given to the public. The Marquis de Pomhal makes as grand a hero as could be well selected; and Mr. Beckford's 'Peninsular Sketches' had already revived in our minds the period of his rule; when betwixt the Jesuits and the conspiring nobles, a weak monarch and a beautiful lady, it required no common nerve for a statesman to reach the highest honours and to retain them. What an event, too, for any romance wanting a crisis is presented by the great Lisbon earthquake! Save for a few faults of style—a perpetual inclination to interpose between the reader and the story being the gravest—Mr. Kingston's novel is unusually readable. He sees clearly, and describes vividly. It is a pity, peradventure, that he chooses just now to throw his mite into the cauldron of anti-Jesuitical agitation; since we are persuaded that the system of confronting one excitement by another is futile, and not final. He is also, as an artist, too much addicted to hair-breadth 'scapes and lucky encounters, which, as machinery, ought by this time to be obsolete, having seen much hard service. But there is the

the same transference of matter from without and within may take place through the membranes of a living body. That such a transference may take place cannot be denied, but that tubercular matter can be transferred from the lungs to the skin in this manner the author has wholly failed to prove. The authority of Dr. Marshall Hall would lead us to believe that some benefit had been experienced by the application of lotions to the chest in consumption; but for the manner in which such cases ought to be reported in order to give any satisfactory conclusion, we would refer to the work of M. Louis on Phthisis.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

[illegible]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

NOTES ON THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL

Bonn, August 11, 1845.

A brilliant pen is wanted to describe this "celebrity" (as Dr. Burney called the Handel Commemoration). Yet "brilliant" is not the word; for the Germans are joyous, genial, noisy, elaborate in ceremonial (especially in their table festivities), rather than "brilliant," as the French, or even we English, understand it. Seldom, indeed, has any city presented such a scene of interest as this quiet little university town; and there has rarely been such a gathering on any road as on the Belgian railway last Saturday. One may desire principally to speak of music; but no chronicler can, on such an occasion, omit to mention the gate by which it was reached. And the ten o'clock train from Liège to Verviers, of the 9th of August, was, as a sign of the age, at least as remarkable as the honours done to a mighty genius in his grave, whom his contemporaries flouted—neglected—*let die*—in sad, but true phrase. In that train might be seen an ambassador, "mobbing it" among French musicians or Belgian supernumeraries, with his portfolio under his arm, containing matter for peace or war, or—who knows?—health and strength for a great country, in the shape of new constitution; hard by, a bevy of English authoresses; then, *M. Un tel*, whose violin is "of old" known through all the circles of Parisian chamber-music,—*Madame Une telle*, whose voice made so many a London drawing-room vocal during the past season.

Such a confusion of hands-shaking—such a babble of languages—such reports (the uncertain advent of our Queen giving these their last piquancy)—I never recollect to have heard or dreamed of; and happy were they who quietly came to an anchor in safe quarters, in the grave university town of Bonn, on Saturday night last. Many must have “camped out,” as the Americans phrase it, in the highways of Cologne, for want of better lodgment.

All this tumult, all this honour, all this excitement (our Sovereign not taking the lion's share thereof!) for a poor musician, who was born poor—lived poor—died poor! Time has few more strange and capricious phantasmagoria to show, methinks; and there was no arriving in Beethoven's birth-town, as the Germans would call it,—alive and astir, and swarming with the gifted and the intellectual of every country,—without drawing the comparison—without calling to mind the doleful and unrewarded life, while under the spell of the magnificent obsequies. But, apart from the contemplations which may, to some, savour of super-sentiment or transcendentalism, there is and has been enough in this Festival to excite wonder and interest on the part of recorder and reader. It appeared, some few days ago—I am telling no fairy tales—that the *manège*, or riding school, where the great musical performances were to have been held, was pronounced by Liszt, on his arrival, too mean, and wholly insufficient for so great an occasion. What was to be done? "Build a new room!" said the artist. "How provide the funds?" "*I will*, if the Festival fail," was the answer. No sooner said than done. Herr Twirner, the head architect of the Cologne Cathedral restorations, was called into council, there and then; and the room was planned, and in twelve days completed. The wall of a garden behind the University was knocked down, trees torn up, the ground levelled, timbers brought out of the Rhine from one of the rafts, and six hundred men set to work. The result would merit some description had it been done in one hundred and twenty days, instead of twelve. The room is a long basilica-shaped apartment—supported on fourteen arches—some hundred yards long; and the temporary arrangements and decorations of which are so singularly complete, picturesque, and effective, as to suggest the idea of the fairy Morgana, rather than any mortal German-Catholic architect. The walls are merely papered with a cool red, giving the effect of stone,—the pillars wreathed with natural ivy, and with palm leaves by way of capitals; for carvings, there are merely garlands; and the roof timbers are left in all their simplicity, with a blue ceiling behind,—but the effect is capital; and confounding to all such as, like myself, have been too apt to imagine that the miracles of speed and combination were exclusively the property of us hard-headed English. I am happy to believe, in addition, that this room, so far from further straining the generosity of the most munificent of musicians ancient and modern, will not only pay its own expenses, but remain as a property to Beethoven's town for years to come.

I would fain not mar so pleasant a record by notices of grumbings, vexations, and the ill-blood which—woe for poor humanity!—seems, of necessity, to be stirred when artists come together; but, "pity 'tis, 'tis true," that all this munificence, and the long course of generosity which has brought about the present consummation, have not exempted Liszt from the pecking of "the daws," who will fly at every game. Some have wondered why a Cantata of his should have been performed; as if it was not graceful that he to whom the completion of the monument was owing should have the office of pronouncing the funeral oration! Others have sneered at the idea of his conducting the great works of Beethoven; as if the highest genius was not capable of bending itself, in turn, to all tasks alike. Then, one or two of the greatest German musicians, whose presence might have been expected, seem somewhat studiously to absent themselves. Spohr, Meyerbeer, Moscheles are here; but if I ask—"Where is Mendelssohn?"—the answer is not ready. Of course, with regard to these absences, there will be half a hundred gossipings and glosses. Perhaps, however, these will only, when summed up, make *the roc's egg*, the want of which is, for ever, to be the drawback on human perfection and human felicity.

I wrote the above after the morning's rehearsal; at

which Beethoven's c minor Symphony and Liszt's own Cantata were played, directed by himself. So many persons had resolved, beforehand, that this great artist *should not* be able to conduct, owing to the superabundant animation of his pianoforte playing, and his tendency to "grace" the music under his care, that I suppose I may, for once, have put faith in the character which was merely a prophecy, and felt a little nervous. I need not : his conducting is the union, to a wish, of spirit and steadiness, of musical science and the power to inspire confidence. But having stated this, because it will surprise some in England, I will not dwell further on the rehearsal as I must speak of the first concert, and my first hearing of Beethoven's "Missa Solennis" in d major, —which was conducted by Dr. Spohr, and the *solo* parts sustained by Miles. Tucek and Schloss, Herrn Bayer and Staudigl. It is hardly possible to describe the effect this work produced on me,—after having taken some pains to familiarize myself with all the "rich and strange" combinations it contains, and having always conceived a hearing of it to be one of those dreams there was small chance of time fulfilling. It never can go easily. The enormous difficulty of the *solo* parts must strain the strongest voices; and the thorough want of *cue* (to use a familiar phrase) render necessary that almost metronomic attention to time, co-existent with which there can be few graces of expression : and thus, in the end, the ear must become wearied rather than delighted. Yet nothing I have yet heard equals the sublimity of some portions of the work :—of all the ideas. The solemn and ample *Kyrie*—the brilliant *Gloria*, with the sudden dropping of the voices on the words "Et in terra pax"—the strangely pathetic "Qui tollis"—the "Credo" with its wondrous close—the "Benedictus," introduced and accompanied by one of the most ravishing violin solos that even a Beethoven could write,—the "Agnus Dei"—and the "Done nobis pacem," enhanced and emphasized (perhaps somewhat too dramatically) by the passing threats of warfare, in a flourish of trumpets and roll of drums—would each claim an article, if gone into analytically—so new, yet so intelligible—so complicated, yet so sublime, are they ! And I never felt so intimately the want of variety and appropriate fineness of terms to describe the effects and sensations produced by musical compositions of the highest order. Enough, therefore, to say, that the possibility of such a performance being got together ought to give our musicians enterprise and courage to produce this noble work in London : though, as our female voices are generally lower than the Germans, the practice of it will be in proportion increasingly difficult and harassing ; and when shall we get such a *pianissimo*, such a *mezzo piano*, and such a *mezzo forte*, from our wind instruments as Dr. Spohr commanded from the band,—which, be it recollected, is casually compounded, and not a standing force under regular discipline ? The orchestra and chorus, I should already have said, number some 700. The Choral Symphony, which formed the second part of the concert, pleased more than the *Mass*—because, I verily believe, it is better known. I must mention, as a trait of German attentiveness, that one or two stragglers, who were anxious to leave the room when the last grand crash was "setting in," were so fiercely reproved by the elderly gentlemen, who started up, half a dozen at a time, in great displeasure, that to creep out before the last note was sounded demanded no small amount of courage. The effect of the new room, when lighted, was capital : never, surely, was temple more gracefully improvised, or on so honourable an occasion.

Another trait of German art I must mention—though to record it trenches more on personality than is my wont. I ran against Pischke, last evening, after the concert; and asked him why he had not sung in the Mass or the Choral Symphony?—"I was not engaged," was the simple answer, "but I did sing—at the back of the chorus of basses: yes, and heartily, too." Tell this to our first-class singers. No wonder the music went well, with such aids and co-adjutors. But what a life these artists lead! After the performances of yesterday, most of them started by a night train to Cologne,—there to hold a rehearsal, to-day, of some of the music which is to be "set before the Queen!" They will return to-morrow, early,—in time for the Mass in the Minster, the Inauguration, and the evening concert.

Meanwhile, the uncertainty of Her Majesty's plans has thrown everything a little out of order, and compelled the committee to alter their arrangements. The Monday's music has to be put off a day; and such as desire may go and lunch at Nonnenwerth, or whirl down to Cologne, and listen for the Queen's coming. They were making preparations, some days since, for lighting and decorating with boughs the tunnels through which she is to pass;—*apropos* of which I heard a French traveller, on Saturday, gravely calling the attention of his companion to the phenomenon of trees growing in the dark. But the wiser ones will, by a little silence and retreat, strengthen their souls against to-morrow. After which you shall have more of my notes.

Geneva, August 6, 1845.

We have had a little excitement here this week, in consequence of the distribution of prizes to the students at the College, and the opening of the Exhibition of Paintings by native artists. The distribution of prizes is made almost a national, or republican fête, and is unique of its kind. The quiet town, last Monday morning, was frightened from its propriety by the firing of cannon and the parading and marching of soldiers in all directions, in honour of the lads who had been successful in the late examinations at the College. The prizes were distributed in the Cathedral. Here were assembled, in their robes, the Government and the several *corps d'état*, as also the Pastors,—the Catholic clergy declining to attend, as they could not give their sanction to the religious service which was to take place. The successful few were ranged in a hollow square at the upper part of the building; behind them, occupying nearly the whole of the centre of the church, were placed the other pupils, in all amounting to nearly a thousand: whilst an immense mass of Genevese and strangers filled up the remaining parts. The proceedings were commenced by a religious service; several addresses were made by the members of the Council, and at length the prizes were distributed by the President of the Council, wearing, as on extraordinary occasions, a dress sword. All the powers of the State, civil, military and religious, were united to do honour to these young scions of the republic. They had been conducted to the Cathedral by a band of music and a grand *cortège*. Several of the members of the Government addressed them, the clergy implored the Divine benediction upon them, whilst the military who were on guard in the public places fired salvos in their honour. The old walls of the Cathedral rung with demonstrations of joy whenever a student received a second prize! The day's proceedings were concluded on the Plan Palais, a large open site outside the Porte Neuve. Here the several schools were marched down in the same order, and accompanied in the same manner as in the morning to the Cathedral. Soldiers were drawn up on different parts of the ground, artillery bellowed forth its welcome to the young party as they advanced; and at last they were all seated at dinner, at public tables and in the open air, in true Spartan style. Unfortunately, a heavy rain put an end to all the amusements of the evening. I understand, on inquiry, that the College has funds attached to it, but insufficient to pay for the entire expenses; so that each parent is obliged to pay a sum, though inconsiderable, for the education of his child. The course of instruction is very similar to that which would be given in any good private school in England, with the exception that in some classes instruction is given in English, German, and French, as also in perspective and linear drawing. Music, which is so commonly taught in the German schools, is here omitted, whilst religion in each class forms the first item of instruction—not dogmatic religion, I suppose; the venerable company of Pastors being so much divided among themselves, that it would be extremely difficult to agree upon any uniform plan. The Catholics are permitted to receive religious instruction apart, from their own priests.

From the cathedral, I adjourned to the Museum, which, as you may well believe, on this the first day of the exhibition, was crowded to excess. The number of paintings is 185, whilst in sculpture there are only two subjects—a bust and figurini holding a basket. In point of colouring I found the collection generally defective—there is a coldness in most of

the paintings this year, which is truly Swiss, but which ought not to be extended to subjects taken from under a warmer sky, whilst there is a want of that mellowness and beautiful blending of colours which distinguishes the English school. As usual, there is in the Geneva Exhibition a great preponderance of portraits. Two or three scripture pieces—many *paysages*—a few water colour paintings and some in enamel complete the collection. Guignon has several pretty *paysages* taken either in the neighbourhood of Geneva or on the Lake of Lucerne. This artist as a *paysagiste* enjoys perhaps a higher reputation than any other man in Geneva. Dunant, a pupil of Diday, promises well as a colourist; the exquisite finish of his trees is perhaps a little too nice; he is an artist, however, who does not sacrifice details to the general effect. Töpfer is considered "le maître des arbres," at Geneva, though I cannot say that I saw anything from his pencil which struck me much. Calame has studied in Italy, and perhaps may be distinguished by a little more warmth in his colouring—there is certainly much more mellowness of style, though there was a shadowy misty indistinctness about his paintings, which I thought unnatural. Whatever may be the merits or defects, however, of the collection, it is undoubtedly interesting as marking the progress of the Fine Arts in Geneva; and the crowds who thronged the rooms the first and second days betrayed an interest in Art on the part of the Genevese, which must have been gratifying to the artist.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE name of Lord Willoughby de Eresby has been added to the commission for inquiring how far advantage may be taken of the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, for promoting and encouraging the Fine Arts.—In Dublin, the Council of the Royal Hibernian Academy have opened their exhibition to the working classes, at the nominal admission-price of one penny.—In Paris, the bas-reliefs have been added to the pedestal of the Orleans statue, in the court of the Louvre; that on the north representing the surrender of the citadel of Antwerp—that on the south, the passage of the Iron Gates, in Algeria.

Our readers know, that a subscription was, some time since, set on foot, for restoring one of the old monuments of the city—the Gate of St. John, in Clerkenwell—"the only ancient portal now remaining of those monastic buildings once so numerous in the metropolis and its vicinity"—and famous as the residence of the printer Cave—the meeting-scene of such guests of his as Goldsmith and Johnson,—and the birth-place of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Thus, its later illustrations are themselves antiquities; the Magazine, born in the Gate, in 1731, is, itself, an ancient monument. In 1661, a view of the then old gate was taken by Hollar,—showing the effect of its ancient battlements, then complete, but now entirely gone. We, now, find it stated that "the subscriptions will be devoted to the reparation of the decorative portions of the gate,—such as tapping or testing each stone in the north or south fronts, carefully rubbing those that are sound, and replacing those which are too much decomposed with new stone, not squared, but inserted so as to conform with the present appearance of the building. The committee recommend carrying up the embattlements in stone, in front of the angular turrets and parapets, to their original height—inserting new labels to the doors and windows—string-courses and bands around—new and proper mullions, with cinquefoil heads, to the large windows in the north and south fronts,—removing the unsightly Roman doorway and shop-window on the south side, and placing a new window and doorway in keeping with the old gate—and pointing up the sides of the building with stone or slate, set in good mortar, finished with blue ash mortar to preserve an uniform colour."

More stained glass is about to be placed in the Great Hall of Hampton Court; and we hear that a suggestion which we made, some eighteen months since, that the floor should be relieved of its blank flag stones, and paved with encaustic tiles, is to be carried into effect immediately as respects the dais. Since the establishment of excursions on the railways, the visitors to Hampton Court have rather decreased in number; but should Hampton Court obtain rail-

way accommodation, as it is likely to do, visitors will, doubtless, become more numerous than ever. It will be pleasant indeed to go direct from Hungerford Bridge, and pay a summer evening's visit to the chestnut groves of Bushy Park.

"The air hath spirits, as the water hath;"—the legends of the great deep are easily transferable to the new navigation of which, until very lately, the eagles had the monopoly; and the great solitudes of the ether, like those of the ocean, have already a "Flying Dutchman" (an Italian Dutchman, however,) of their own. Comaschi, who went out to sail in his balloon, on the occasion of the marriage of the Sultan's sister, as we heretofore mentioned, has been seen, to the complete discomfiture of Irish logic, "in many places at once,"—as that celebrated Netherlander had, before him. A Russian captain deposes to having met the aeronaut, in a gale of wind, in the Black Sea; an English Levant trader, on the contrary, passed him in the Mediterranean, scudding away towards Gibraltar; while a Hamburg paper gives an account of the finding of the wreck of a balloon, supposed to be his air-ship, in the Baltic. The *Augsburg Gazette*, "has it on good authority," that a huge opaque globe, resembling the said balloon, made a sudden appearance, on the 22nd ult., at Rzeskow, in Galicia. Some say, that Comaschi had no intention of coming down again, when he went up; having more creditors on *terra firma* than he could satisfy,—and, therefore, having made provision for a lengthened residence in an aerial Alsatia,—escaped out of reach of the writ of *ne exeat regno*, wherever that writ may run,—and beyond the jurisdiction of the Silver Wand, if there happen to be such a compelling instrument in Constantinople.

From Rome, it is stated that an English company has made a proposal to the Papal Government to deepen the bed of the Tiber—taking as its payment such monuments of antiquity as the river may yield, in the process. The opinion, at Rome, is, that, if the Government accept the proposition, the company will have a good speculation. In any case, the Arts will probably be gainers:—we should certainly like to have a look at the bed of the Tiber.—From the same capital, we learn that the restoration of the ancient Basilica of St. Paul is almost completed.

According to a correspondent of the French papers, one of the grandest monuments of Catholic art, the magnificent dome of St. Peter's, is in danger. For a long time past, it seems, the cupola has been cracked in many places; and ten arches of iron, weighing 60,000 kilogrammes, have been placed so as to prevent its fall. The numerous lightning-conductors which had been erected by Pope Pius VII., for the protection of the edifice, remove, says the writer in question, all idea of this mischief having been the effect of a thunder-storm—a position which M. Selier and others will dispute. The lanternino is being surrounded by heavy iron chains, to prevent the cracks from extending.

The Dean of Durham has written to Mr. Hume, in answer to Sir Robert Peel's expressed hope, during the late debate in the House of Commons, on the subject of the fees for the exhibition of public monuments,—that the example of Westminster Abbey, in the free admission of the public, would be followed by other cathedrals. That example, in its full sense, it may be observed, has yet to be set by the Westminster Cathedral—but, meantime, the Dean of Durham says, that his Cathedral has, for the last four years, been open to the public gratuitously for several hours a day; and that no single instance of misconduct, on the part of its very numerous visitors, has come to his knowledge, to make him regret the regulation.—The Dean and Chapter of Norwich have also, it is stated, admitted the public free to that Cathedral, for some hours daily.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the monument to be erected to the memory of the late Earl of Leicester, took place, last week, at Holkham; amid an assemblage of the hundreds who are subscribers to the memorial, and a vast concourse of spectators besides,—attracted from all the towns and villages surrounding the fair domain of the once popular "Coke, of Norfolk." Lord Colborne acted as founder of the monument.

From Munich, we learn that the painter Cornelius, on his way from Berlin to Rome, has been exhibiting to his friends a number of the cartoons

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designed by him for the Cemetery, after the model of the Pisan Campo Santo, which, as our readers know on our announcement, the King of Prussia has determined to create. The finished designs, according to a correspondent, comprehend three sides of the walls forming the square of the projected burial-ground—the designs for the fourth remaining to be completed in Rome. Each wall comprises a series of paintings connected in subject, as in the mural painting of Byzantine Art. These are composed of a principal fresco, placed between an upper and a lower, or basement, paintings. The one great idea, governing the entire conception, is the Fight of Death and Sin, and the Victory of Religion, with its promise of Life Eternal. That is the mystical synthesis of the monument; and each of the several series contributes to that expression by the representation of an independent idea—the respective ideas being all subordinate to the general subject. According to the report of a writer in the *Moniteur des Arts*, the painter has, on this occasion, "departed from all the beaten tracks of Art—subjects the most common, such as that of Jesus at the Tomb, having taken a novel character under his pencil." "Perhaps," he adds, "the composition may be reproached, as representing an abstraction somewhat too subtle and metaphysical; but you know our German passion for expatiating in the regions of the vague and infinite; and the material execution amply redeems the fault—if, indeed, it be one."—From the same capital, we learn that the magnificent palace, for the Exhibitions of the Fine Arts and those of the Trades, is to be inaugurated, on the 25th inst., by the opening of an exposition of the arts of design—for which upwards of 2,600 German and foreign works have been already sent in.

We mentioned, a week or two ago, on the authority of the *Journal des Débats*, that an exhibition of the Fine Arts had taken place in one of the ancient capitals of the arts—Athens. The *Courrier d'Athènes* assures the French paper that no such event has occurred—that the only resembling one, which can have served as a foundation for the assertion, is the exhibition, by the brother-artists Margariti, of three oil-paintings and a few drawings by themselves—and warns that journal to distrust its Athenian correspondent.—We will add a few detached bits of Foreign Art gossip.—At Beauvais, in France, the statue of the illustrious astronomer Cassini, was, recently, inaugurated. The statue is surmounted by a large genealogical table of the descendants of Jean Dominique Cassini and Geneviève Delaistre,—with the titles of the principal works published by them. In Paris, the Baron Bosio, member, in its section of Sculpture, of the Academy of the Fine Arts, has just died, at the age of seventy-six.—A letter from M. Botta, French Consul at Mosul, announces that the sculptures extracted from the ruins of Nineveh have safely arrived at Bagdad, the most difficult and dangerous part of the journey having thus been accomplished.—From Rome, it is stated that three statues and some bas-reliefs have been dug up in the neighbourhood of Ostia,—one of the former representing, in Greek marble, a female figure, being, it is said, a masterpiece of sculpture. Cardinal Tardini had, in consequence, ordered further excavations; and some cinerary urns of white marble have since been found,—two having bas-reliefs sculptured with great delicacy. In the same place, have also been discovered some pieces of antique marble, and a stone, on which is engraved—"Minutius C. trigtinta in agro et vigin-tiquing in fronte possit"—which has been translated, as recording that this place was formerly a country-house, in the interior of which Minutius placed thirty statues, and twenty-five on its front. But this interpretation, it is added, is disputed,—and we think the sceptics have the best of it.—In consequence of applications made to the Intendant-General of the Civil List since the discovery, to which we lately alluded, of the Druidical monument near Meudon, Count de Montalivet has given orders for the researches to be continued; and they are now being followed up with great activity.

From Neuchâtel, we find it stated, that a young Englishman, whose name is not given, has succeeded in making the ascent of the Wetterhorn,—a mountain whose summit has been hitherto considered inaccessible; not so much because of its height, which is less by 9,000 feet than that of Mont Blanc, as

because of the dangerous obstacles that beset the path.

We may add the name of Dr. Marshall Hall to those of Lawrence and Brodie, whom we recently announced as having been elected to vacancies, in the list of its Foreign Associates, by the Medical Section of the Academy of Sciences, in Paris.

(Closing of the present Exhibition.)

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.
The Gallery, with a SELECTION OF PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS and those of the late SIR A. CALCOTT, R.A., and other deceased British Artists, is OPEN daily, from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening, and will be CLOSED on SATURDAY, September 6.—Admission, 1s; Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a new and highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Reunoux. Open from 10 till 6. Admittance to view both Pictures—Saloon, 1s; Stalls, 2s, as heretofore.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The experiment of FREEZING WATER in a RED-HOT CRUCIBLE, is shown by Dr. Ryan in his Lecture on the CAUSES OF EXPLOSIONS in STEAM-BOILERS, daily at Half-past Three, and on the evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at Nine o'clock. The ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY is lectured upon by Professor Bachofner, and exhibited daily, and in the Evening. A new American invention, COLMAN'S PATENT LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE (for ascending and descending inclined planes on railways without the aid of stationary power) is exhibited in a working model. SWIMMING and DIVING illustrated by the son of Captain Stevens, the celebrated teacher of Swimming, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at Two o'clock, and on the evenings of Tuesdays and Thursdays at half-past eight o'clock. The other Exhibitions, &c. as usual.—Admission, 1s; Schools, Half-Pence.

FINE ARTS

Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters. By Mrs. Jameson. Vols. I. and II. Knight.

THE pattest little work to its purpose, we know of. It is published just when wanted, just at the right cost, a shilling per volume, and just in the right style—being well printed, written, and illustrated, yet without any pretensions to anything but instructiveness of a popular nature. The single circumstance that does not recommend it, is its name. "Early" Italian painters will perhaps make those who judge by a name, imagine the work somewhat antiquarian—a character almost odious to English popular taste. "Memoirs of the Great Italian Painters" had been a more attractive title, and more apposite too; for while these accounts bring forward into proper relief the earlier great masters, between Cimabue and Da Vinci, they come down to the close of the sixteenth century, and thus comprise all the painters whom we should, in a critical sense, surname "the great." Another volume containing the lesser Italian painters, but still the chief of their different schools, e.g. the Carracci, Domenichino, Guido, Caravaggio, Barocci, Spagnoletto, may be published hereafter, when our suggested title would prove a misnomer indeed, but the one adopted altogether inapplicable. Let us hope a couple more such volumes are in contemplation, the fourth devoted to those Ultramontane master-spirits whose productions are virtually and essentially Italian. "Memoirs of the Principal Italian, Spanish, and French Painters" would then, whatever preferable title Mrs. Jameson herself shall choose, characterize the whole series well enough, which would form, through the pleasant medium of biographic portraits, a connected panorama of the Art's progressive phases within its southern dominions during the Middle Ages. Its Northern realms along the Rhine would require three volumes additional, for the two Flemish Schools, and the German and the Dutch. We regard this double series of primers for that many-headed ignomina, the Million, as indispensable, to teach him the rudiments of connoisseurship; and as already commissioned, from the success we predict must attend the present speculation, conceived and executed, so far forth, in such an appropriate spirit.

To the principle of cheap literature we are not opposed, as our readers well know—nor yet to the practice, except when a *mal-practice*: we mean when the literature is sold cheap because it is bad, or badly "got up," or both. If the "British Poets" could be cried about like ballads a hundred a halfpenny, we should not therefore object; but if they were printed like ballads, we should venture a caveat. Many of our modern double-columned publications, however voluminous, we hold too dear, as King Stephen did his

inexpressibles, though they "cost but half-a-crown." Purchasers who read them pay in eyesight, and, still worse, in errors adopted from them, the full price of a well-printed impression; purchasers who don't read them are, to that extent, wise. Mr. Knight himself, we think, has sometimes published cheap books, which the abovesaid "worthy peer," with his true notions of the economical, would have pronounced extortionate; they had a better chance of being cheaper if costlier. We do not reckon the little volumes before us among such impositions; quite otherwise. Still we consider them mere primers for grown children, whom their simple, brief, and entertaining lessons may coax forward into the profounder literature of æsthetics. When their dilute but nutritious substance has been imbibed, then we hope more solid food, suitable for the adult æsthetical stomach, will be furnished; and the very same purveyors, both publisher and writer, are fully competent to provide it. A parallel series of larger treatises on a loftier basis must soon become as needful as the one now commenced, seeing that a poor translation from Lanzi's "Storia Pittorica" is the single work most readers can consult who have got beyond Pilkington's still poorer production, which, though all sexagenarian dilettantes swear by, the new race of amateurs, we doubt, will forswear under Mrs. Jameson's tuition. Criticism does make some progress among our compatriots, and many of its first steps have been accomplished with her aid. "Vorwärts!" we repeat to both parties: Blücher's exhortation epitomizes the best tactics on many besides military occasions.

In popular treatises the worst evil to be apprehended is, the implantment of low-minded principles, because level to popular comprehension and akin to popular taste. Writers are too often mere panders with the pen instead of the tongue; they cram the intellectual maw of the public with what it craves for, however deleterious, if serviceable to their own ambition. We could enumerate divers popular works which have degraded the taste they should have exalted, and thickened the darkness they should have dispersed;—done so, if not to their authors' knowledge, at least to their perfect unconcern. This is poisoning the well of knowledge, where a whole people drinks. Certain such works upon Art we could mention whose very merits augmented their baleful influence. A flow of fine words, a choice of brilliant images, a fund of agreeable gossip and anecdote, make up a style just suited to fascinate the multitude and be-fool it. Those principles of criticism, sure to be understood because they are shallow, to be echoed because nonsense is always sure of sympathetic welcome, were rendered still more corruptive by the meretricious diction that invested them. We grant their eloquence excited much enthusiasm, but enthusiasm of a wrong kind—enthusiasm for the mean and commonplace under the name of the "natural," for servile minuteness under the name of "truthfulness," for affectation under the name of "touching pathos"—enthusiasm against the ideal as the fantastical, against the imaginative as the monstrous, the antique as the uncouth, the chaste and pure as the frigid and vapid. We would not exclude the flowers of rhetoric altogether, and thus make the enchanted Garden of Art a *hortus siccus*. Far from it: but let us have no worthless weeds amongst them, nor flowers themselves, however beautiful, if baneful too. Soul-elevating, mind-enlarging, taste-purifying principles we demand first of all things; and the reverse of these three essentialities should never appear even in the smallest handbooks or horn-books dedicated to the artistic education of the people. Mrs. Jameson has felt this, it would seem, like us, the most sacred part of her office: albeit grace and elegance distinguish her style sufficiently, we are better pleased with what it conveys—sound, noble, and refined principles of criticism, to the entire rejection of those called popular, when grovelling, narrow-spirited or superficial. Her little volumes could not, perhaps, embrace many of the former, nor impress them at suitable length, but point attention to the mightiest among them, and indicate, if unable to analyze, their numerous virtues and potent qualities. As our encomiums seldom come down through a floodgate upon the world of modern English connoisseurs, our authors, we hope, will be contented to find herself not overwhelmed.

Within the limited bounds her primers afford, we admit that tasteful acumen was best employed in setting forth the merits of the great Italian painters, and discriminating the beauties of their all but perfect productions. Enthusiastic admiration towards them it is the prime and almost single aim of wise elementary criticism to promote. Nevertheless, there are two points which a philosophical writer on Art must keep before the mind's eye, much as they may trouble it: first, that beauties cannot meet with full appreciation till their opposite defects have been studied and understood; second, that the interests of the reader, not those of the painter, constitute the grand purpose of criticism,—its chief title to rank among the Humane Sciences. Most critics imagine their office fulfilled when they have cried up Raffael, Michaelangelo, Correggio, or Titian, or each and every great artist: quite oblivious—peradventure sometimes unaware—of this being a very subordinate, and a far less difficult item of their *devoir*. No better secret, by the way, to secure an investigative mind from partialities and prejudices, whether its own or extraneous, for any one painter or school, and against another, for the antique, the modern, the classic or the Gothic, and against the antagonist style,—no better secret to secure such a mind catholicity of critical power, than simple recollection that the exaltment of itself and the whole human mind through the appreciation of Art's highest excellence is what has chief claim upon it. Criticism, in displaying the glories even of Raffael or Leonardo, should have an object above displaying either, or it becomes contracted and unphilosophic. Here we may perceive a second reason why faults as well as merits, blemishes as well as beauties, ought to obtain attention; because otherwise we advocate the interests, not of Art and all mankind, but of some particular artist. It bespeaks a base and pitiful spirit to disparage through mere ill-nature or ostentation: yet we regard it no less contemptible to feel a blind fanaticism towards any idol and his pseudo-miracles (however marvellous),—a fanaticism which implies infidelity towards supreme perfection. Real enthusiasm does not pronounce the sun without spots; it admires his splendour, despite of them. False or feeble enthusiasm expires unless beauties on all sides keep alive its ardour. Who loves Raffael best?—he who considers him the first of painters, albeit sensible of his defects, or he who considers him such because unable to discern them?

We suggest these principles rather with a reference to what may hereafter be done, than what has been, by Mrs. Jameson. Possibly they are superfluous to her; to others they are, it would appear, very needful, when we observe the kind of "iter extaticum" made by æsthetic tourists through the world of Italian Art. Everything is seen *couleur de rose*, yet rose-colour disguises the true complexion of objects little less than as transparent a veil of lamp-black. Her discriminative powers evince themselves in the subjoined comparison between Leonardo and Michaelangelo:—

"It is usual to compare Michaelangelo with Raffael, but he is more rightly compared with Leonardo da Vinci. All the great artists of that time, even Raffael himself, were influenced more or less by these two extraordinary men, but they exercised no influence on each other. They started from opposite points; they pursued throughout their whole existence, and in all they planned and achieved, a course as different as their respective characters. It would be very curious and interesting to carry out the comparison in detail; to show the contrast in organization, in temper, in talent, and in taste, which existed between men so highly and so equally endowed, but our limits forbid this indulgence. We shall therefore only observe here, that considered as artists, they emulated each other in variety of power, but that Leonardo was more the painter than the sculptor and architect; Michaelangelo was more the sculptor and architect than the painter. Both sought true inspiration in Nature, but they beheld her with different eyes; Leonardo, who designed admirably, appears to have seen no outline in objects, and laboured all his life to convey, by colour, and light and shade, the impression of beauty, and the illusive effect of rotundity. He preferred the use of oil to fresco, because the mellow smoothness and transparency of the vehicle was more capable of giving the effects he desired.

Michaelangelo, on the contrary, turned his whole attention to the definition of form, and the expression of life and power through action and movement; he regarded the illusive effects of painting as meretricious and beneath his notice, and despised oil painting as a style for women and children [women and triflers, "infingardi"]. Considered as men, both were as high-minded and generous as they were gifted and original; but the former was as remarkable for his versatile and social accomplishments, his love of pleasure and habits of expense, as the latter for his stern inflexible temper, and his temperate, frugal, and secluded habits."

This comparison is ingenious, and generally exact, but after all Michaelangelo will remain the proper antagonist character to Raffael, and more true things than the above might be said upon the latter parallel. In Painting, where these two men stand opposed, limb to limb, Leonardo can scarce enter the arena against either, though as an Italian *Crichton* perhaps he ranks above them both. His dramatic power evinced by his 'Last Supper,' and his preference for the beautiful, are yet stronger points of contrast to Michael's epic spirit and bias towards the sublime. But the same anti-characteristics exist between Raffael and Michael, along with many besides; as architects there are still other distinctions, and as sculptors if none very tangible indeed, neither are there any such between Da Vinci and Buonarroti.

Let us point out some few errors of detail which we should wish to see rectified on a republication of these volumes. Dante's late-discovered portrait at the Palazzo del Podestà, by Giotto, was not "white-washed over during the triumph of his enemies;" Vasari says expressly it remained visible till his own time, "ancor oggi si vede;" (see Cary's Dante, Preface); the poet's enemies were therefore less barbarous than Mrs. Jameson thinks, and they were his ignorant admirers who defaced his image. A reference to no woodcut, page 36. Andrea di Castagno's surname, Andrea degli Impiccati, as little means "Andrea the hangman" as Michaelangelo delle Battaglie means M. A. the battle; it was given, Vasari tells us, in compliment, and, at worst, means Andrea of the gallows-folk, if designed as a double entendre. That Bandinelli destroyed Buonarroti's great cartoon is not proven, but the scandalous charge has indeed "left an enduring stain upon his fame," because dead men can't rise to refute careless writers, who repeat it by rote one after another. The Vault of the Sistine occupied Michaelangelo almost four years; the latter half alone, a much-hurried task, took him twenty months to paint; "twenty-two" for the whole a moment's reflection would have made Mrs. Jameson perceive was impossible. Let us rescue a third great name if we may out of her black list,—Sir Christopher Wren: where did she find evidence of this judicious utilitarian architect having with his free will planned the Raffael Cartoon-Room as an appropriate receptacle, instead of merely fitting it up to receive its colossal decorations, on King William's express commands? Still a fourth ill-used gentleman supplicates us in aid of his "unhappy earth," against its new disturber: poor Morto da Feltri cries from the grave that he was not his friend Giordione's murderer and mistress-stealer, and that it is hard a "Venetian tradition" which makes him so should be cited while the counter-tradition has been suppressed [see Lanzi, III. 65, and *Athenæum*, No. 906]. Apropos of Giordione several other points need qualification. At two places [pp. 184, 215] our authoress denies Leonardo influenced his style; Vasari attributes its most remarkable feature—*sfumatezza*—to the great chiaroscuroist's manner, "gli piacque tanto, che mentre visse, sempre andò dietro a quella;" and though the prejudiced Venetian, Boschini, contradicts the partial Florentine biographer, yet Lanzi, perhaps as all sound judges will do, thinks the influence justly ascribed, if somewhat exaggerated. Again, at p. 220, we are told it was Giordione's character "to idealize everything," yet the very next page it is said he left on everything "the impression of reality," his "striking characteristic." These opinions negative each other; the first appears to us the correct one. A very fine work in the Florentine collection, by this rare master, 'The Knight of Malta,' Mrs. J. omits, and various besides which we think have better pretensions than the very bad as well as doubtful specimen she mentions in our own National Gallery. Why,

too, have left unnoticed in the selfsame *Gabinetto*, Titian's splendid portrait of 'Catharine Cornaro,' yet particularize the far inferior Dresden picture so-called? We would propose the like question about Raffael's replica of 'Julius II.' in the Tribune, beyond dispute preferable to the repetition at Trafalgar Square. This latter Mrs. Jameson herself allows may even have been painted by Giulio Romano (p. 163), though elsewhere (p. 98) she quotes it as a "duplicate" by Sanzio! The wretched Hampton Court daimi fathered upon Giulio obtain mention, while his loveliest easel-picture extant, the Pitti 'Dance of the Muses,' is forgotten! However, we must recollect that theological opinions themselves do not differ more nor more often than artisto-critical, and far be it from us to claim implicit acquiescence in those here expressed when at all dubitable; we only beg our authoress's attention to them for the possible advantage of her future editions. Among the oversights we have specified none affect the intrinsic value of her work, nor need make us repent the full praise awarded its spirit, design, and, generally speaking, its execution. We shall conclude with a few remarks on another point of detail, because it illustrates a principle above put forth, and thence acquires some importance:—

"A story is told of Garrick objecting to the truth of this action [Elymas the Sorcerer's] in the hearing of Benjamin West, who, in vindication of the painter, desired Garrick to shut his eyes and walk across the room, when he instantly stretched out his hand, and began to feel his way with the exact attitude and expression here represented."—p. 120, vol. ii.

We have ourselves objected to the truth of this action [No. 531, p. 44], but then read a different version of the Garrick anecdote, which made our "English Roscius" cavil against an unobjectionable attitude. Although the great actor was, we surmise, a very small critic, he had a rather more comprehensive spirit than Benjamin West, at least more instinctive dramatist, more intuitive knowledge of character about him. He knew that the first action of a man struck suddenly blind would not be to "walk," nor to grope around him; it would either be fixed amazement and stupor, or a wild spasmodical start. Of course when he did attempt walking, it would be as Raffael has delineated the action. West forgot, and—unless the story is a story—Garrick also, that the objection impugns Elymas's said attempt when Heaven's electric bolt has but just fallen. Let instantaneous, unexpected, total darkness succeed light in any room, the wonder and fear-stricken human doesn't begin to "walk across" it forthwith,—his dread and doubt prevent him; he stands or sits stock still a few seconds, except convulsions seize him. How much less would he "stretch out his hand and feel his way," if his conscience struck him within that the darkness was preternatural and a personal visitation from offended God? For these apparently just reasons we think the cartoon action a fault, and its partisans advocates of Raffael, rather than of perfect Art. Raffael's Elymas is defensible on better grounds by supposing it depicts a subsequent action to the first. Our aforesaid article, however, discusses the subject at large, and renders a repetition superfluous.

LINCOLN'S INN NEW BUILDING.

THE lawyers have not shown themselves to be patrons of Architecture, at least not in those localities where they congregate professionally, for the Inns of Court contribute as little as may be to the embellishment of London. In fact, those Inns have scarcely any sort of sign externally to indicate their presence to the stranger; and, when entered, are found to possess very little of positive architectural character, being chiefly remarkable for courts and alleys, whose air of sullen seclusion contrasts forcibly with the bustle of the adjacent streets. Though some of the courts—Gry's Inn Square, for instance—are spacious enough, and regularly built, yet they are quite destitute of all nobleness of appearance. Their physiognomy is neither antique nor modern; instead of a venerable, they have a strangely haggard look; and instead of being picturesque, they are merely squalid, shabby, and dismal. These last epithets, cannot, indeed, be applied to some of the newer ranges of buildings, for they are at present spruce and jaunty, but of very plebeian, not to say Cockney expression.

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Even the new part of what is called Paper Buildings in the Temple, and those on the opposite side of the garden, scarcely form an exception, since, if not actually faulty, they are at best only respectably decent and monotonously dull. The same may be said of Serjeants' Inn, which has been metamorphosed from grotesque ugliness into smirking insipidity. If the merely forlorn-looking be the picturesque, our Dr. Syntaxes may find it in Staple Inn; which, however, can now show a tolerably goodly piece of Elizabethan architecture, erected about two years ago: though as to being shown, it may almost as well be said to be put out of sight. On the opposite side of Holborn we have what is by courtesy called an "Inn"—to wit, Furnival's Inn—which rejoices in its complete modern character; it having been entirely re-erected just before the present century went out of its teens; and a curious sample it is of what was then considered to be architectural taste. There is, too, if the truth may be spoken, a dash of Pecksniffian taste in the range of modern Gothic buildings of the Temple—the Library, &c., on the terrace-walk facing the garden. The same remark applies, and in even stronger degree, to the modern Gothicizings in Lincoln's Inn; but the stigma they inflicted upon the generation which perpetrated them is, if not effaced, forgotten in the noble architectural achievement just accomplished by the erection of the new pile of building, which challenges a critical scrutiny by its merits, and commands general admiration by its magnitude and imposing ensemble.

In addition to its own intrinsic merit, the new structure, containing Hall and Library, is happily situated as to form one of the most conspicuously placed architectural objects in the metropolis; one that shows itself advantageously from every point of view, and from whose windows a most enviable *rus-in-urbe* prospect may be enjoyed of "trim garden," bounded by the handsome range of Stone Buildings on one side and of the park-like enclosure of Lincoln's Inn Fields on the other. What adds not a little to its nobleness of appearance is, that the new building stands upon a raised terrace; which is attended with this further advantage, that the basement floor is sunk only a very few feet lower than the general level of the ground; and what shows itself externally as a basement for the offices is a low ground floor, or mezzanine, between them and the Hall and other upper rooms. So well is the building laid out, that although regular and even symmetrical in plan in the direction of its length, the exterior is marked by great variety of outline, at the same time free from any little finical tricks of the picturesque; it being thrown into well contrasted and well balanced masses, as is naturally dictated by the disposition of the principal parts of the interior. We have here that kind of grouping which is one distinctive characteristic of the style itself—at least of the class of buildings which afford the best examples of the style, namely, collegiate ones. Mr. Barry would probably have treated the subject differently—would have shown us singleness of composition in one continuous line of building from end to end, with very little external articulation of the plan; nor do we pretend to say that such treatment would have been unsuccessful in his hands. Still we are well content with what we here behold; and are of opinion that the placing the Library transversely to, instead of in continuation of, the main line of building, is highly favourable, not only occasioning a certain piquantness of ensemble, but also giving the extent in regard to depth. From this circumstance the building acquires considerable importance as seen obliquely in a north-west view of it, which satisfies us better than that of the other end, although the latter is evidently marked out as the principal one. For our own part, however, we cannot help feeling that what is there intended for a handsome architectural accessory and a completing feature in the general design, is the poorest part of all—nay, quite unworthy of the rest. We allude to the entrance gateway at the south-west angle, or rather what ought to be a gateway, and therefore disappoints when, on being approached, it is found to be a mere arched opening through a wall, instead of a gate-house forming a covered passage. In one sense of the term it may be called scenic, for it smacks strongly of the theatre, being like a paste-board arch upon the stage; nor is this its only

defect, as besides having a flimsy look, it is otherwise poor in design and rather insignificant in appearance. Fortunately, the mistake is one that easily admits of correction, little more being required to be done than now to add a gate-house to the gateway; and were it to be one of considerable depth, it might be attended with the further good effect of somewhat screening and breaking the now too blank-looking lower part of the end of the Hall, beneath the great south window.

After this brief interruption of it, we may resume our tone of commendation, though we cannot stop to particularize the various merits of the exterior, but conduct our readers within the building. We say conduct; because instead of rushing at once into the Hall, we wish to lead them into it by that line of approach which presents a striking and well-combined succession of architectural parts, all increasing in importance, and terminating in an impressive climax. There are two entrances to the building from the terrace on the east side; which, however, do not communicate with the ground or terrace-floor, but lead immediately to the upper one by means of broad flights of steps; consequently, no internal staircase is required—that is, no principal or state staircase, for others there are of course, and one of them will come in for notice presently. Taking the northernmost of the two entrances, or that appropriated for the benchers, after passing through a handsome porch, we advance up a vestibule or short corridor, which brings us to one end (that next the Library) of an inner vestibule or central hall, which connects the other chief apartments with the great Dining-hall. This part of the interior is striking—far more so than it would be were it entered immediately from the porch, or were it so placed as to be in a line with that and the first vestibule. It does not disclose itself to view until actually entered, when it bursts upon the eye with brilliant effect, at the same time that it is sufficiently spacious for its purpose (being 22 feet by 58). There is no pretence or obtrusiveness about it, as is too frequently the case in the entrance-halls of large buildings; yet although for the greater part sober in character, it is not a little piquant in arrangement, and in the combined result of *plan* and *section*. The first of these is laid out in three divisions, the middle one of which is a square (of 22 feet), divided from the north and south ends by three open arches on pillars; and the angles of this square compartment of the plan are cut off by four other arches, converting it into an octagon; over which is carried up a clerestory lantern of the same form and diameter, having a window ornamented with painted glass on each of its sides. The combination and transition of forms, and the effect of the stream of light from above, tinged with flickering hues the pale walls and pillars, render this a singularly pleasing architectural picture. The ribs of the vaulting of the octagon are partly relieved by gilding, and have gilded bosses at their intersections. The lower part, however, is by no means so satisfactory as the upper, the pillars and arches being somewhat tame in character, and reminiscent of "James Wyatt" Gothic. One novelty, which must not pass unnoticed, is, that in the ceiling, the soffits of the spandrel spaces cut off by the octagon are left open as triangular skylights, consisting of a single plate of glass, in order to throw down light directly upon corresponding spaces in the floor, which are paved with thick glass slabs, and thereby serve in turn to admit light into the vestibule beneath, on the lower floor; and to their answering that purpose we can speak with some confidence, for we found that lower vestibule, which would else be nearly dark, better lighted than is usual with places of the kind. Well satisfied as we are, upon the whole, with the principal vestibule, we think it would have been an improvement had the octagon form been defined upon the floor beneath the lantern, by a border of a different colour from the rest of the pavement (which is entirely white), between the pillars. We conceive, too, that it would have been a further improvement if, of the three open arches from either end, the two narrower side ones had been closed up below to the height of between five and six feet by open-work screens; whereby that central division of the plan would have been in a manner marked out as being *en suite* with the Draw-

ing-room, on the west side of it, and the Council-room, on the opposite one. While the passage across from the one to the other would thus have been less exposed, that from end to end, and the vista from the Library to the Great Hall would have been just the same; and instead of seeming at all to confine or interrupt space, low screens of the kind suggested would have tended to fill up what now strikes too much as blankness in the lower part of the walls. Few architects seem to understand or care for the effect to be produced by partial concealment, or to agree with the poet, that "half the art is skilfully to hide." At the south-west angle of this vestibule is an open recess or bay, lighted by a lofty handsome window, and forming the upper part of a staircase to the lower floor, which is carried down between a massive and solid square newel. This newel forms a pedestal to the parapet of the staircase, which is also solid; and the hand-rail is cut out of the wall, with a deep and boldly moulded hollow. The whole of this staircase bay is in excellent taste—perfectly simple and charmingly effective. Few, however, will linger to examine it, but eagerly pass on into the Great Hall—lucky if their eagerness does not trip them up, by causing them to overlook a very awkward step at the entrance to it.

The folding doors from the vestibule open upon the dais at the north end of the Hall; and the *coup d'œil* which here presents itself may challenge that afforded by any other apartment of the kind, although, in its dimensions, this noble banquetting-room falls short of the one at Christ's Hospital.* It is in every other respect greatly its superior—very much so both in actual loftiness and in loftiness of proportion. In spaciousness, it rather exceeds the largest of the collegiate halls at the Universities; and though it cannot boast of the same extent as to length, it altogether eclipses St. George's Hall, in Windsor Castle, which, to say the truth, answers more to the character of a gallery than a hall, and is besides neither in the most correct taste nor of the most dignified character. The noble oak timber roof, designed on the principle of that at Westminster Hall, gives to this new hall of Lincoln's Inn an air of magnificence that is well kept up in other respects, and to which the windows conduce in no small degree. There are five windows on each side, exclusive of that in the oriel or bay at each end of the dais, and of the large window at the south end, above the screen and gallery over it; and in their upper half, all these windows consist almost entirely of stained glass, displaying various armorial bearings and similar devices. The pendants, and some other parts of the roof, are also emblazoned or picked out in colours and gilding; which being the case, we think that some decoration of the kind, however subdued in degree, ought to have been extended to the screen and gallery. The front of this last is, to us, the most questionable, not to say most unsatisfactory feature of all. In style, it hardly seems of a-piece with the rest; and the low and wide open arches into which it is divided show, to our eyes, little better than so many vacant gaps—too much like a row of boxes in a theatre.

The passage behind the screen, whose openings are filled with plate glass, forms the common entrance into the Hall from the south porch on the east side of the building; at the other end of this passage is the staircase leading from the kitchen. Although not belonging to the "show" apartments of the edifice, this last is worth being visited, it being a spacious vaulted room, whose ceiling is supported on massive pillars and bold arches, after the manner of a crypt; and it is about twenty feet in height, it being carried from the basement through the terrace-floor story. Hardly need we say that it is fitted up with every imaginable convenience, and with every improvement in culinary apparatus. Yet, as if this were not sufficient, there is another kitchen on the terrace-floor, at the other end of the building, adjoining the sub-vestibule, which, we suppose, is to be devoted to the preparation of the more *recherché* dishes for the tables on the dais.

* The hall at Christ's Hospital is 187 feet by 51, and 47 high; this at Lincoln's Inn, 120 by 47 (60 feet across at the north end, along the dais), and 64 high. The respective areas in square feet are 9,537, and 5,570. The hall of the Hospital, and St. George's at Windsor, have windows only on the south side.

As yet, we have mentioned the Drawing-room and Council-room only *en passant*; nor can we now say much, since they offer so very little for description that we have only to express our admiration of them for their noble proportions and dignified simplicity, and for that sort of charm which, however it may be felt, can hardly be expressed in words. Yet one circumstance there is which deserves to be noted, viz. that the ceilings, which are ribbed and panelled, are of deal, unpainted, but stained, and then varnished, so as to rival, in depth of tone and beauty of appearance, many of the richest woods. Both these rooms are now not only finished, but furnished. The Library, on the contrary, is as yet only in a state of progress, and by no means so far advanced as to enable us to judge of it satisfactorily. In its dimensions, it will certainly be a very noble apartment, 80 feet in length from east to west, by 40 in breadth, and 35 high. The breadth will be contracted on the floor to about 18 feet, the book-cases being brought out at right angles to the walls, so as to form seven recesses on each side, thus converting the room into a gallery 80 feet by 18 in the clear, terminating at each extremity in a lofty oriel of the same width, and forming three sides of an octagon. These two oriels are of admirable design; their enriched soffits, pillar-shafts, and mouldings, all in superior style, and the windows themselves magnificent. The pattern of the glazing in the lower part of the windows, which are filled in with small circular panes, is of pleasing effect, and the glass being slightly embossed or moulded, a sort of flickering brilliancy is produced that is exceedingly agreeable to the eye, partaking, as it does, rather of soberness than of garishness.

Having extended our remarks to such length, we shall only add, that this new structure is entitled to our astonishment as well as our admiration, for the first stone of it was laid no longer ago than April, 1843. The whole of it has risen up in little more than two years—just about the time which it has taken to erect the row of dwelling-houses which is to be one of the wings of the British Museum, and put up a few columns that are to form the façade of that national edifice!

A GLANCE AT GENOA.

[Notes by an Amateur.]

AT GENOA the Churches are usually of plain brick outside, or, what is much worse, marble twisted, as if it were so much putty, into all the fantastic shapes of Borrominesque architecture. Some few insipid imitations of the Greek by French *savans* regale the taste after the same fashion as Timon's dishes of hot water did that of the Athenian epicures. Withinside, these edifices are so piled up from pavement to roof with glistening articles of all dimensions, forms, colours, and materials,—there are so many shelves and jutties and projections, supporting images, candlesticks, ciboriums, and other ecclesiastical hardware,—there is so much gilding, painting and polishing on every surface around you, that these churches look like colossal china-shops than anything else one can readily think of. The *Nunziata* owes its great magnificence to the Lomellini princes, who must or ought to have been porcelain manufacturers, though sovereigns of an island. It is shine and show throughout—a huge *bijou* of “real Dresden” for a buffet in Brobdingnag—a precious specimen from the Sèvres of giant-land. Yet this has its beauty—its impressive effect. If I cannot but see a pettiness of detail, an air of the gilt and pictured mug-shop, to please old babies, about it, nevertheless I acknowledge, likewise, a rich and varied splendour, a mass of brilliant minutiae, to dazzle and delight an Oriental imagination. One *Carlane* (which is to say, a Charlemagne among the artists of his time), has painted a sky-full of gods, goddesses, saints, angels, demons, heroes, and other members of the pictorial mythology, in divers constellations on the wagon-roof ceiling: it is much praised by tourists;—I apprehend more for a sea of bright blue ultramarine spilt over it, and a shallow smoothness of workmanship, than any less obtrusive merits. *Procaccini's* ‘Last Supper,’ above the great door, may deserve to be called his master-piece; but compared with *Leonardo's*, or even *Raffaello's* treatment of this subject, it becomes poor and commonplace. Ambitious swolleness of style, with-

out a single trait of true grandeur, distinguishes *Procaccini's* master-piece: the chiaroscuro is that of a chess-board, alternate black and white; expression, *caret*. Still, the picture bears one passing glance very well.

San Lorenzo, the metropolitan church, built on the Italian-Gothic model, exhibits an ingenious avoidance of every sound principle which characterizes the genuine Pointed Style. Indeed, this specimen of the Italian-Gothic seems rather an ingenious avoidance of the best features in both classic and unclassic architecture. It has neither the pure symmetrical ordonnance of the one, nor the picturesque irregularity of the other. Its walls being faced with a chequer-pattern of dark and light-coloured stones, give it a look more infantile than fanciful; none but a childish imagination would amuse itself by putting together such piebald masses of marble. The doors are pointed; their arches have foot-long saints and bishops round them for fret-work: this, too, although permissible or approvable elsewhere, looks puerile here—enormously puerile, ponderously Lombard, and not a little burlesque. Divers philological stones are to be seen outside; one of which declares *Janus* the founder of Genoa,—just as an Irish Ogham-stone makes *Scota*, the daughter of Pharaoh, first Queen of Scots! Inside are to be seen, among other curiosities, sixteen composite columns mingled with clustered Gothic, a brazen Virgin of prodigious dimensions, an emerald dish (*Il sacro catino*), in which the paschal lamb was served at the Last Supper,—thus proving it no such primitive entertainment as we Protestants imagine it: cut-glass, at the very least, if not a real emerald tureen, set off the table! Moreover, this is the identical article of sumptuous dinner-service presented by the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon. On a par of authenticity, and almost of antiquity, may be reckoned the cinders of St. John the Baptist, transferred hither in 1088 from Lycia.

San Ambrogio.—Novel-writers of the Radcliffe school would give us the idea that Italian churches are as drear and dark as Osian's festive-halls, where some half-dozen pitch-pine torches throw a yellow flicker up the roof-trees, and merely render the distant gloom visible, or thicken it further with their fume. Readers who see these churches through such falsifying glasses, conceit them full of long-drawn aisles closed up by the mistiness of their own perspective afar—dim recesses, crevices, and corners, fitted for assassinations or assignations, or both by turns—narrow lancet windows staining the light that passes inwards every lugubrious colour—pallid altars, ghastly sepulchres, pillars as huge and black as the posts of hell-gate, and casting as awful a shadow—in short, whatever can create an impression of the terrific and the dismal to please our romancers. Now the fact is, Italian are upon the whole of a character far less grave than English churches; their effect, nine times out of ten, is gay, cheerful, and showy. Few among the smaller chail a visitor's blood like an English church, with its blank white walls, dun oaken pews, and poor and stunted paraphernalia. Even the Gothic cathedral of Milan is a masquerade-saloon in full glitter compared to Westminster Abbey. St. Peter's at Rome is a rare-show box to St. Paul's at London. The Dome of Florence, perhaps drearier than any other ecclesiastical structure throughout Italy, does not excite as mournful or mysterious sentiments as Henry VII.'s chapel, where the shadows of those who lie within its tombs seem to flit athwart you from one dusk niche into another, and its very decorations have a funereal sombreness about them. St. Mark's and some Venetian churches besides are exceptions; certain side-chapels too,—with their solitary wick (always just expiring,) that flings its feeble radiance six inches around like a red coal in a gipsies' cavern,—present their more or less tenebrous aspects to the sunbrunt nave of most such edifices, as if for the sake of artistic contrast and chiaroscuro. But upon an average, I repeat, no place of worship is so brilliant, so gorgeous, so garish as an Italian church. The Romish practice of frequenting it at twilight hours will of course lend a solemnity to the scene, and then indeed it will wear a gloom—seldom otherwise. *San Ambrogio* is illuminated from the top by a large cupola, and under a Southern sky this is tantamount to hanging it with a lustre of little suns. Every surface of polished marble near it is a mirror,

and the number of these which receive the light, reflect it in all directions, and redouble it a thousand fold. The rich-grained tapestries and sacerdotal stuffs, the altars like sacred sideboards of church plate, combine to render the whole interior as splendid as Aladdin's palace. Were St. Ambrose dropt through the skylight, he would think himself quite out of his place in his own temple, and that he had come to hear a play rather than a prayer. I walked along with my skirts up, afraid of sweeping down the multitudinous magnificent moveables on each side. Some little, but very little, may be said in defence of this endeavour to furnish out the Supreme Being's reception-room of his creatures after the best fashion we can. Were it not a better one, however, to raise him a simple dome more like that which he himself has hung over our heads apparently by way of model, the cupola of heaven,—imitative on a small scale of its sublime proportions, and pure decoration and chastened splendour? No! we must build him a marble labyrinth above ground—bedizen it with bits of vari-coloured stone as if he had the taste of a mineralogist—load its pillars with lace hangings like the posts of a state-bed, dress up his ministers like the nurses of the Grand Lama, and drape his altars like their toilette-tables. To me there seems a derogation from his true claims on our reverence, when we suppose such displays of bijouterie, and fine haberdashery, and choice geological specimens can please him. It is but a step beyond the savage Indians who trick out their idol with feathers, necklaces, and ear-rings, whose satim beneath an alcove be-stuck with baubles, and give him so many mumbling automats wrapped in so many folds of tinsel and muslin for attendants. You'll think me a Puritan; yet I am enough the reverse to admire *Guido's* ‘Assumption’ here, a noble picture, albeit the lower part has sunk into the darkness of eternal night. One scarce distinguishes the Apostles' faces, except that of St. Peter, whose *ensemble* appeared too much in the manner of Lanfranco's reiterated blue-and-buff beggarman called by his name. The Virgin, whom a winding-sheet heavy we may imagine with the moisture of death and the grave envelopes, ascends nevertheless buoyantly to heaven. Her Niobe countenance expresses a fearful joy, a rapturous awe; the paleness of her marble state is still upon her, as well as its languor, which the wide but gentle supplication of those outstretched arms just suffices to evince. Despite the enfeebled colours, this production of a painter who may be designated the chief of the pallid school, overpowers in effectiveness and attractiveness the work opposite, though a sample of the florid—*Rubens's* ‘Demoniac Dispossessed.’ I thought the latter vulgarish, and somewhat foxy (to use a technical phrase): another large *Rubens* over the great altar, a ‘Circumcision,’ was rendered half invisible by its own broken lights. A picture meant for the distance will always depend much upon its chiaroscuro, or masses of dark and brilliant colours,—it can seldom dispense with them, whatever be its other merits.

There are at Genoa several handsome churches besides; but all resemble theatres consecrated to God, through lack of religious edifices. Among Romanists, it is the scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, that constitute the best part of the spectacle; among the Protestants, it is the audience themselves. Here lies the distinction, a distinction with no great difference. Among those, we find a numerous corps dramatique of priests for scene-shifters, candle-snuffers, fiddlers, singers, processionists, mutes, declaimers, &c.; the house all stage, side-lights, foot-lights, everywhere about it. Among these, we discern but two or three performers; a stage no broader than the one in Hamlet's tragedy, the ‘Mouse Trap,’ parterre and galleries all boxes; the rich costumes, the attitudes and situations, the by-play and dumb-show, at a word, the best part of the spectacle is to be found in the spectators. Let us then not presume to censure the Italians for arraying their *dramatis personæ* and sumptuous paraphernalia round the house, while we crowd ours into the middle of it. 'Tis the same thing exhibited at different places; because man is the same hypocritical personage, the same actor of a part, on different stages of the earth.

Santa Maria di Carignano has perhaps the grandest site of any town church throughout Europe. Striding

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across a chasm whose bottom is a street, and whose walls are loftiest houses, a bridge opens into the piazza where Santa Maria stands. From the church-top, city—sea—Apennines—Alps—the whole hemisphere of the sky down to its very base—are visible, if not at once, at one turn upon the heel. You may imagine yourself suspended from heaven's keystone by a golden chain, and taking a bird's eye view of all beneath. The air you breathe is so ethereal, that it does seem to buoy you off your feet. When the light grey purple of morn tinges the distant hills, and the dazzling atmosphere makes every object sparkle as if be-sprinkled over with little crystals; when the broad Mediterranean's undulous mantle changes softly between azure and silver, while its folds sink or swell; when the towers and cupolas and high-storied houses glitter in their rich and variegated hues, reflecting double brightness and warmth around,—had you never heard the exclamation before, you would of yourself infallibly exclaim "Genoa la superba!" Such, too, about eventide becomes the intoxicative power of this ether-like air that those joyous little creatures, the swallows, appear typified by it: oftentimes have I watched a band of those volatiles *bons vivants* circle and circle round a dome for hours—they performed for better sport's sake, a slanting orbit, and ever at their dip down to its lowest part, they uttered with common consent, a shriek of ecstatic delight till they rose on the other side again. It was altogether distinct from the faint, short, twitch of the voice our swallows make when they turn to snap up a prize—and who has ever seen our poor gnat-hunters on a large party of idle pleasure, reeling quite reckless half a day long through the summer air? Let me tell you likewise, and in sober earnest, that even inanimate things exhibit a sort of *vis viva* here which they never do where the climate is less fervid. Italian red-brick houses glow—they look as if their veins ran blood—they are positive colours upon the landscape, not dull neutral blotches upon its beauty; Italian whitewash flashes at your glance; Italian windows blaze and then become black when the angle of vision alters; to your dazzled imagination the sunlit streams quiver with the first tremulous perception of life within them: the deep blue sea pants and heaves and murmurs out an almost intelligible though confusedly intermingled talk from its million lips, like some half-awakened slumberer, or breathes from its placid bosom the living breath of a creature prostrate in profound repose. But you'll think I have tipped too much ether myself atop of Santa Maria di Carignano, so I quit both it and my heroics together. Entering the nave, a visitor is led up direct by the Sacristan to a Sacristan's beau-ideal of sculpture—*Puget's* 'St. Sebastian.' The poor Saint was never so tortured before! His legend says he was shot with arrows; our sculptor breaks all his bones upon the wheel into the bargain! He has made him writhe like an impaled frog in the agonies of roasting. Puget must have kept his own inner man long on the rack ere he invented such a posture; French artists however seem to possess a facility at distortion—with them *not* to strain is the difficult effort. Still this production displays great cleverness; there seems no want of talents about it, but of good taste an entire absence. 'St. Francis at Prayer' by *Guercino*. The painter's mean notions of gentility and masculine beauty are here manifested; besides a feebleness of expression far from as frequent. The young Ascetic is a Philip Faulconbridge, 'Sir Farthing-face,' who does penance in sackcloth for the crime of sparrow-murder. An old monk behind him lies, overcome with sleep or liquor (it appears doubtful which) on the ground. Did *Guercino* ever daub up this vulgar thing? those enthusiasts that have any spare admiration may spend it on other pictures by *Carlo Maratta*, *Procaccino* and *Cambiaso*. I exhausted my stock on the above panorama by *Signora Natura*, a lady-artist whose works are seldom observed, though always before our eyes.

San Stefano.—Its great altar-piece is the 'Martyrdom of St. Stephen,' a crack picture of Genoa. Given by the Sacristan, with a noble inexactness, to *Raffaël*; by connoisseurs, with a nice discrimination, to *Raffaël* and *Giulio Romano*, specifying microscopically the minutest touches of each; by the historian to *Giulio* alone (see *Vasari*). Nevertheless, though the latter must have painted it, one imagines

one can perceive without having the eyes of an entomologist, certain marks and tokens that the principal figure was caught from a design or idea of *Il Divino Sanzio*. So much patient sufferance in the proto-martyr's 'angel-face,' so much unaffected becomingness in his attitude of resignation as he offers up his soul and his prayers together, do not bespeak *Giulio's* extravagant spirit, but are quite akin to those gentle, majestic qualities of a naturally chaste genius which distinguish *Raffaël's* earliest work, and died with him at the foot of the Transfiguration. His premature death did Art even more harm than *Michaelangelo's* protracted life; for his pupils deserted his secure, while *Buonrotti's* imitators followed his perilous principles—but the former were all able men, the latter all feeble apes whom nothing could have made good artists. N.B. St. Stephen's angel-face abovesaid has been repainted, *i. e.* bedevilled to no small degree by a meddlesome Frenchman—that it might suit the Parisian beau-ideal of expressiveness!

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We shall this time speak of a few elementary works and treatises, in some of which theories are broached—in others crotchets "pricked down" (to use the quaint phraseology of our forefathers), with a singleness of heart attesting the writer's sincerity, but not always commanding the reader's convictions. Here, for instance, are Mr. Jameson's lucubrations on *Colour-Music*—in which the author announces as his "simple" and "practical" object, the introduction of "a new music—and to apply some of its principles to render the study and practice of sound music easier and more popular than they are at present, by substituting distinct and definite sensations, which being the language of nature are at once understood, for the arbitrary mnemonics in use." Let us add Mr. Jameson's description of his practical apparatus employed for "sensitive effect":—"A dark chamber lined with bright tin plates—12 round apertures in the wall holding glass globes, (the bottles seen in the windows of druggists' shops can be used for this purpose) containing translucent liquids of the prismatic colours, and their semitonic intermediates—lamps on the outside of the bottles, mobile opaque covers on the insides. A pianoforte, with its keys connected to these covers; with power to elevate them, on percussion of the keys, to heights proportionate to the vibrative extent of their respective octaves.... The factors of music and colorific exhibition being thus correlatively fixed, the performance of the one is attended with the other; which has an enchanting effect." The musical student, who, "thinking no harm," may plunge unwittingly into this book, will fancy that he has fallen upon a list of *properties* for some scene in the 'Revelations of London.' If, however, he be a dabbler in science, he will recollect that some such disposition to bring the pleasures of sight and sound into a systematized harmony, has, for many centuries, occupied the ingenious. And no one, who goes deeper than mere technicalities, will for an instant dispute that there exist analogies among all the arts not susceptible of mathematical demonstration, but possessing connexion so distinct to the imagination, as largely to aid the poetical connoisseur in his pursuits. Inasmuch, however, as their chace will lead him to the very verge of dream-land, the theorist is bound to be unusually clear and precise in his explanations: and this, as the foregoing passages will sufficiently illustrate, Mr. Jameson is not.

We have next a *New System of Musical Notation* submitted to us, by Mr. Arthur Wallbridge, who proclaims it as "in strict conformity with nature, and essentially free from all obscurity and intricacy." We can hardly agree with him: since a deliberate and attentive examination has ended in the conviction that, betwixt the trouble of forgetting all former musical knowledge, and the trouble of learning a nomenclature so difficult, owing to the *compressions* implied in it, the student desirous of taking up Mr. Wallbridge's system in earnest might, not improbably, end in the predicament of the short-hand writer who was unable to read his own characters,

and had forgotten all more intelligible modes of caligraphy.

Mrs. Joseph Kirkman is the third author on our list, with her *Practical Analysis of the Elementary Principles of Harmony; being a Guide to the Model Scale, Harmonic Circle, and Practical Exercise-book*. The authoress earnestly anticipates "that her efforts may prove efficient in a far greater degree than the generality of elementary works hitherto published." Now, once again, it may be laid down, that there exists no royal road to the acquirement of musical science! It was owing to disbelief in this truth that the patrons of the Wilhelm method so nearly endangered the establishment here of that valuable system of instruction, by giving it up because it did not yield complete knowledge at a breath; and Mrs. Kirkman, when she points to the variety of "effectual results," impugns the pupil far more largely than the master. This truth is too little taken into account. The study of harmony and modulation is useful to the amateur, as cultivating the appreciating powers. Mrs. Kirkman's methods will neither carry a pupil very far, nor supersede the really valuable treatises in use.

And now—

Descend we from these visionary heights

to matters of plainer use and applicability. The first under our hand is the late Mr. Augustine Wade's *Hand-Book to the Pianoforte*. Though this will not put out of court 'The Method of Methods,' by MM. Fétis and Moscheles, or the more voluminous *Encyclopædia* by Hummel, or even John Cramer's well-thumbed and fifty-editioned instruction-book, it may be mentioned with them; which is no small praise. The information seems minute, sufficient and clear; the exercises are judiciously arranged, and the examples selected with that taste, which is as discernible in a prescription for the studies of a child as in providing for the uses of grown people. The letter-press, too, is picturesque and readable—full of allusions and comparisons rarely ventured in treatises of the *cut-and-dry* school, but not valueless, because they awaken thought and fancy, without some exercise of which the most perfect mechanism must fail to "enchant the ear" of all, save listeners of *Dogberry's* species. The 'Short Historical Survey of the Pianoforte, considered mechanically,' appended to the more practical rules, though possibly superfluous to an instruction-book, is worth placing on a library shelf. Mr. Cornelius Ward's pamphlet, *The Flute Explained*, though tending to the sole and separate purpose of recommending a new patent instrument, may also be praised as possibly the best history "in little" of the instrument. We leave it to those who rejoice in flute-playing, to decide whether Mr. Ward makes out his own invention as perfect beyond dispute, or whether Mr. *Carte's Complete Course of Instructions for the Boehm Flute* is to be regarded as finally superseding the precepts of the old school.

Ere closing our remarks on works of this class, we must call attention to Mr. Charles Dawson's clever little *Analysis of Musical Composition, showing the Construction of all Musical Pieces*. "Giving the student some idea of the manner in which he may examine the structure of music," would be a title more correct to the real performance of the book; but we rarely meet so much judiciously-selected information in so small a compass.—Lastly, a small sixpenny essay, entitled, *The Progress of Music in the Continent of Europe*, from the 'New Library of Useful Knowledge,' seems to us the best sketch on the subject extant; and may be given to every musical student, whether theoretical, instrumental or vocal, with certain profit. The writer, for a wonder, seems free from every bias, save towards catholicity of judgment.

Meanwhile, the food for those so plentifully fortified with hints "how to play" and "wherefore to admire," is not particularly abundant just now; to judge from the list before us. A new *Barcarolle and Marche Funèbre* by M. Thalberg, are published, but we cannot number these among his best works. The melody of the first, though graceful and pleasing, is *fade*: while towards its close, the difficulty becomes needlessly exorbitant: the work being hardly important enough for public performance—and far too difficult for ninety-nine out of every hundred private players! The *Marche Funèbre* is identical in subject with one

of the Russian airs treated (and more successfully) by M. Leopold de Meyer. M. Thalberg has not the organ of fitness. We have already remarked the total discrepancy between his introductions to his 'Don Giovanni' and 'Semiramide fantasias', and the colour which the compositions to have had any significance should have borne. Here, however, we have a yet more signal disregard of propriety. This time, however, the fault may lie with the publisher—the race being, as we know, generically fond of affixing all manner of seductive and romantic titles to foreign works, in disregard of the composer's intentions.

Mr. C. E. Horsley has arranged Mendelssohn's *Choruses from the 'Antigone'*—sensibly—which means within the reach of ordinary players. We cannot say so much in warrant of M. H. Bertini's duet arrangement of J. S. Bach's *Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues*. All measures of simplifying such works for "the million" are only so many failures: the fugues in two and three parts by a foolish division of forces, being rendered needlessly meagre—nor can any right and left hand belonging to different players, however neatly combined, equal in sympathy and neatness those of the single performer. Those whom difficulty and continuous attention affright, have no business to touch the music of the brave old Leipzig organist!

Three compositions, by ladies, claim a word—Miss Bendixen's *Moreau de Salon*, in which the idea is graceful, though a little far-fetched, and the *rondo* well conducted to its close: and a pair of carefully-written songs 'For her so far away' and 'The Fearless and the Free,' by the amateur who writes under the signature of Zeta—more cleverly, we may add, than many amateurs of the stronger sex.

Leaving unmentioned sundry publications which could only serve us as texts for what Galt's Earl Glenfruin called a "judification," we shall close our notice by announcing a *Waltz of Weber's*, warranted genuine, and, if so, among the earliest of his compositions—and Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy's well-known Opera 8—of *Eleven Songs*, to which English words have been fitted, by that careful translator Mr. W. Bartholomew, with various success.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—The last two sittings have not presented much interest. M. Müller, of Berlin, was elected Corresponding Member of the Section of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy.—A paper was received from M. Leblanc, relative to some experiments with oxygen and litharge.—In a former sitting of the Academy, M. Millon gave an account of some experiments as to the influence exercised by very small quantities of foreign substances, in the decomposition of water by metals. M. Barreswill now explains this influence in the following manner:—"We may admit," says he, "that if zinc, tin, and lead, are attacked by hydrochloric acid with greater energy under the influence of only a few drops of a solution of the salt of platina, than without this influence, it is because the precipitated metal (platina), in contact with the precipitating metal, constitutes a true voltaic element. In fact, if instead of a solution of platina we make use of a piece of platina wire, and touch with it the metal to be dissolved, we obtain the same result. If arsenic accelerates, as we all know it does, the decomposition of water by zinc (a phenomenon analogous to the presence of platina), whilst it checks the action of acids upon iron, this apparent anomaly arises from the fact of the deposit formed upon the zinc being porous, whilst that which covers the iron is impervious, like gilding. The proof of this is, that if we scrape a surface of iron thus arsenicated, and replace it in the same liquid, the re-action becomes stronger than upon the same iron when entirely cleaned for the process. This protecting envelope is not necessarily metallic; it suffices for it to be impervious to liquid, adherent, and insoluble in the bath. Thus marble is not dissolved in concentrated nitric acid, because it covers itself with an insoluble coating of nitrate of lime.—A letter was received from M. Leopold Pilla, announcing that he has in his hands some isolated crystals of amphoteric and pyronene, which were thrown up from Vesuvius on the 22nd of

April last, a circumstance never before known. Some of the crystals are as large as hazel-nuts.—A letter was received from M. Vico, of Rome, stating that on the 9th ult. he saw Encke's comet in the constellation of the Chariotier. In consequence of the state of the weather, it has not been observed from the Observatory of Paris.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, in Paris, recently held its annual public sitting, for the distribution of prizes and other business. Mr. Walckenaër, the perpetual secretary, read the Eulogy of M. Emeric David; and a fragment was also read of a new work by M. Augustin Thierry—a "History of the Formation and Progress of the *Tiers-État*, from the thirteenth to the fourteenth centuries." Those of its prizes which the Academy felt justified in awarding are as follows:—To M. Neumann, Professor of History at the University of Munich, for a Memoir on the following subject,—proposed for competition in 1839, and prorogued, for want of an adequate discussion, till the present year:—"To examine into the Origin, Migrations, and Succession of the Populations who dwelt to the North of the Black and Caspian Seas, from the third century to the close of the eleventh; to determine, with the utmost attainable precision, the extent of country occupied by each of them at different periods; to examine if they can be connected, in whole or in part, with any of the existing nations; and to fix the chronological series of the various invasions of Europe made by them."—The subject proposed, in the present year, for adjudication in 1847, is:—"The History of the study of the Greek Tongue in the West of Europe, from the close of the fifth to that of the fourteenth centuries."—The Numismatic prize, founded by M. Allier de Hauteroche, was awarded to Mr. Akerman, for his "Coins of the Romans relating to Britain."—Of the Gobert Prizes, as our readers already know, the first was given to M. Jules de Péigny, for his "Studies on the History, Laws, and Institutions of the Merovingian Period;" and the second was confirmed to M. Alexis Monteil.—M. Charles Lenormant read the report of the Committee of French Antiquities; which awarded a variety of "honourable mentions," and gave its three foundation gold medals as follows:—The first to M. Cauvin for his 'Ancient Geography of the Diocese of Mans;' the second to M. Buchon, for his *Nouvelles Recherches Historiques sur la principauté Française de Morée et ses hautes baronies*; and the third to M. Guessard, for a 'History of the House of Mornay.' A fourth medal, placed at the disposition of the Academy, on the request of the latter, by M. de Salvandy, for this especial purpose, enabled it to reward two other works jointly,—the 'Researches on the Ancient Music of the Kings of France,' by M. Bernhard;—and 'A Province under Louis XIV.,' by M. Thomas.

Lithographic Printing Press.—Hitherto all attempts to apply to lithography the principle of machinery, introduced in typographic printing about twenty years ago, have been unsuccessful, as it was found impossible to obtain by a machine-press the same precision and regularity of pressure as by the common hand-press. M. Nicolle has not only made a machine so perfect as to give impressions as good as those obtained by hand;—he has gone further, for the impressions thrown off by his machine are superior to those obtained by the ordinary process now in use, whilst in point of rapidity the improvement is so great as to be almost incredible. By the common lithographic process, not more than from 200 to 250 good impressions of designs, or about 1000 copies of lithographic writing, can be obtained in twelve hours; by this new machine, which is also worked by hand, as many as 2000 of the former and 20,000 of the latter can be obtained within the same period of time. The machine occupies but a small space; the ink-rollers are so arranged that the supply as they pass over the stone is regularly distributed, the paper is laid upon the stone by the machinery, and, when printed, thrown off without having any person to lay on and take off, and thus the expense of working is reduced at the same time that the products are so greatly multiplied. The most extraordinary part of the machine, however, is that which provides for the wetting of the stone for each impression. By the ordinary system, the printer is compelled after every impression to moisten the stone with a wet sponge. This is an operation that requires great care, but which, notwithstanding, gra-

dually affects the drawing, and before a thousand copies are taken off the delicacy of the outlines is almost destroyed. M. Nicolle has imagined a means of wetting the stone, which, to use a French expression, "tient au merveilleux." With a force-pump of his own invention, and by three or four strokes of the piston, he extracts the moisture from the atmosphere, and throws it upon the stone in the form of fine dew, so that the application of the hand is avoided, and there is great economy of time. This pump is fixed over the stone, and the piston is rapidly worked by the machine. When we were present, this apparatus was not quite completed, and was not, therefore, attached to the machine; but we saw the pump at work by the hand, and could have no reasonable doubt of its perfect success when affixed to the machinery. The air of the printing-room would necessarily soon lose its moisture by the repeated application of the exhausting process; but the moisture may easily be kept up by the simple use of a small charcoal stove and an evaporating dish filled with water. M. Nicolle has patents in France and in England for his invention.

Lunacy.—As the Return from which we lately quoted was, no doubt, made with reference to the proposed Law for the erection of County Lunatic Asylums, it may be right to quote from an able letter just published by Dr. Swayn in reference to the comparative expense of maintaining pauper lunatics in a county asylum, and in licensed houses. "Allow me," Dr. Swayn says, "to direct attention to a pamphlet on the 'Statistics of English Lunatic Asylums,' by Mr. Farr, the substance of part of which is that the interest of money sunk in the building of the county lunatic asylums should be added to the weekly payments of the parishes, in order to determine the real weekly cost, and that if a county sink on an asylum a sum of money, the interest of which amounts to 7s. per week for each patient, the 7s. must be added to the 8s. 5d., or whatever it may be that is charged to the parish for every pauper lunatic. In the last case the real cost per head would be 15s. 5d., and admitting that the treatment is equally good in the licensed house, the 15s. 5d. should be paid to the proprietor of such where 8s. 5d. is paid to a county asylum erected at the expense of the county rate payers. I individualize the Middlesex County Asylum because it is the largest. In Middlesex the average price paid to the licensed houses is 9s. 6d. per head per week, which shows that there is a saving of 5s. 11d. per head per week, by the Unions of that county sending their pauper lunatics to licensed houses instead of to the county asylum, and the same holds good in all the other counties, some would save more, some less than 5s. 11d.; but this is not all—the Returns in the hands of the Metropolitan Commissioners show that in some licensed houses, where all cases are admitted, the average duration of treatment is about 6 months, and that the average duration of treatment in a county asylum is 18 months, thus—A pauper lunatic at 9s. 6d., in a licensed house for 6 months, would cost the union 11l. 8s. A pauper lunatic at 15s. 5d., in a county asylum for 18 months, would cost the union 55l. 10s.: showing in favour of the licensed houses on each cured pauper lunatic a saving of 44l. 2s. I have acted fairly in selecting the county asylum most speedy in curing its patients. I might have selected the Hanwell, where the average duration of treatment has been 4 years and upwards. Allow me to observe that the Report of the Metropolitan Commissioners in Lunacy admits, that of the 17 county lunatic asylums already erected, the cost per bed has been at Gloucester 357l., at Nottingham 240l., at Cornwall 109l., at Surrey 237l. I have quoted the highest and the lowest sums that you may form a judgment as to what will be the actual cost for providing a bed in the proposed New County Asylum for each pauper lunatic in your union, before he has in that building either food, clothing, washing, firing, medicines, medical attendance, or the service of a keeper or a nurse. In licensed houses the whole of the actual cost is included in the sum paid per week. The buildings, with the furnishing and the repairs, being at the expense of the proprietor.

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